THE COMMONWEAL

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WOMEN IN ACTION

AT A TIME when many political observers are attributing the almost revolutionary results of the general election in Great Britain largely to the votes of its women, and the women of Spain have suddenly been enfranchised, the whole subject of women's influence in society has been reinvested with much of the dramatic interest which belonged to the first, fighting phases of the votes for women movement. French political circles are reported to be greatly agitated by the feminine share in the British overturn of the Labor party. Frenchwomen are denied the vote. That they will increasingly demand it now seems certain. What the effect of these startling events in Spain and Great Britain will have in this country is at present only conjectural, except that it seems unquestionable that women will be stimulated in many ways to seek a still larger and more potent sphere of public influence.

That very acute American writer, Albert Jay Nock, points out in the November number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, that financial statistics prove that American women now directly control more than 40 percent of the national wealth. It is probable that this measure of control will steadily increase. The power which the possession of wealth gives is a commonplace, but one that retains all the unalterable influence of a natural law. Publishers, theatrical producers and film magnates, manufacturers, house builders—in a word, all the ruling powers of modern life, including legislators and leaders of social and political movements, are deeply influenced by their desire to please or satisfy the wealth-controlling classes of the community. More and more, the women are being appealed to through all the arts of advertising and psychological suggestion, not only as potential buyers, but as a decisive political force. We only have to recall the enormous part played by the women voters in the last campaign, when they were emotionally excited to defend prohibition, and to repel what they were told was the encroaching shadow of the Pope, to realize the growing strength of women's political influence. The birth control movement, the pacifist movement and many other important causes derive most of their support from organized women. And all these movements, conspicuous as they are, will undoubtedly be much more widespread and powerful in the future—and not a remote future at that.

Under these circumstances, it is highly gratifying to know that Catholic women are awake to their own duties and responsibilities. The awakening is as yet a

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dawn, rather than a daylight condition, it is true; but, as the reports of the last convention of the National Council of Catholic Women show, it has a quality of leadership of rare excellence. That there has been a steady progress in the numerical strength of the federated groups linked with the council is also welcome news; but without inspiring leadership mere numbers do not count for much.

As evidence of the leadership exercised by the council we point to the address of Miss Anna Dill Gamble, on the peace movement, and especially the part which Catholic women may play in it. This strikes us as one of the best utterances on this supremely important subject which we have ever seen. It is to be hoped that it will be given separate publication as a pamphlet, and then widely used in Catholic study clubs, and, indeed, by all Catholic organizations, masculine as well as feminine. For women are not mere followers only in Catholic Action. Like the men, of course, they follow their proper leaders, the bishops, and above all, the Holy Father; but the independence of their thought, within the just limits laid down by the final and determinate laws of Catholic Action, and that spirit of selfless devotion in which women are always superior to the mass of men, justify their place as initiators and leaders of particular aspects of Catholic Action.

The same high level of practical idealism, and the impression of spiritual emotion controlled and guided by reason, which marked Miss Gamble's splendid address, are reached also by the addresses of Miss Mary Hawks, the president of the Council, and Miss Agnes Regan, the executive secretary. It certainly seems true to us of this paper, who for many years now have done our best to estimate correctly the strong parts, and the weak points, of the resurgent movements of Catholicity since the great war, that the National Catholic Welfare Conference is by far the strongest and most hopeful expression of our Faith in America, as that Faith radiates outward from its center in the soul of the Church—its sacramental life—to the society in which it is placed, and that of all the works of the Conference, the National Council of Catholic Women is the most successful in practical service, although no doubt the Social Action Department may be the more fundamentally important. For, as Miss Hawks expresses the matter in her report, "Contribution, not segregation, is the aim of Catholic Action."

This movement of the Faith is intended as no mere sectarian thing. It is for the whole world. It is first of all, however, for the nation. It is for the common good. It is Catholic in the widest, truest, deepest and most vitally practical sense of the word. It is a giving of love—and who can understand the need for that, and the true way of giving, as women do? If our organizations of Catholic men would not only study the work of the National Council of Catholic Women, but would aid it by their coöperation, they in turn would catch fire from this glowing center of devotion, and their own work would proceed with more energy.

WEEK BY WEEK

THE RIGHT-ABOUT-FACE in England is not so very startling. No idea which the Laborites or the Liberals had advocated during the election or previous was worth a blast of His Majesty's powder. Under the circumstances, that is. Almost over night—though it was a pretty long night—the world had shattered almost every internationalist device with which Socialistic consciousness had sought to bridge the gap which, for millions of men and their families, lay between the high-and-mighty phrases of war time and the hunger-packed reality of these last bitter years. Let no man cast a stone at Labor! To be sure, it had its interests, its obsessions, its hallucinations. What group did not? And if it made any greater blunders than did the world of finance and business, we do not know of them. But when the glue concocted to keep an insane international credit scaffolding together cracked, when there was nothing left of mankind but a series of panicky, scared, atomic nations each forced to make war on the others by reason of a curious crazy fear that followed a smash as noisy and devastating as an earthquake, there was nothing for Mr. MacDonald to do but get out the drums and mashal stalwart patriots.

John Bull's Stance

THIS fact the election has proved once again. The election figures are clear: 4 Lloyd George men left, 52 recalcitrant Laborites, 2 Irish Independents. A majority of 500 parliamentarians for the government! But such a result ought to deceive no one. It is, indeed, as grave a thing as has happened during the present crisis. This election means that the normal Englishman has left his group, his class, his private circle, to vote for war—not, to be sure, the war of field marshals, but the war against the crisis, against the onrushing hordes out of industrial and fiscal chaos. Just as millions of Germans put down their tools or their pencils to vote for Hitler. Whether such a war can be won is an open question. The program is tariffs, curtailed budgets, a buttressed pound. In short, it is the Bruening plan, having the added advantage of popular support. Both sound logical, necessary, intelligent. But there is not yet any sure indication that either will work. And if results are not obtained, and that quickly, there is only one thing left for public opinion to try.

BY WAY of a review of Dr. Hjalmar Schacht's "The End of Reparations," Mr. Thomas W. Lamont contributes to the current *Saturday Review of Literature* a commentary on reparations and war debts which easily takes rank among the most sensible statements anent this troublesome problem. Briefly speaking, the argument is this: Granted the legitimacy of Dr. Schacht's contention that a nation burdened with

Mr. Lamont and Reparations

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reparations it has never been able to pay out of its own earnings offers little or no assurance to foreign investors, one may nevertheless hold that the Germans themselves contributed to their troubles by constant talk of their inability to pay (which frightened outsiders), by unwise expenditures for social welfare, and by political intransigence. Nevertheless, we all are where we are, and some way must be found of getting out. At this point Mr. Lamont advances his favorite theory, to which he has often given expression: "Can there be any question that what Dr. Schacht characterizes as 'excessive protectionism' is one of the causes that not only helps to cripple Germany, but makes the whole world go limping along?" He does not ask us to believe this "until we learn it all ourselves and through some painful process." But to him (and incidentally to us) it has long since been clear that a high-tariff nation cannot remain the greatest creditor nation of the world.

NEVERTHELESS it would be a brave man who would contend that the existing crisis would be alleviated if the Tariff Commission sent for the shade of Mr. Bryan. The plain fact of the matter is that at present it is money which tells—money which creeps under mattresses and into safe deposit vaults; money which is going into ridiculous gold hoards; money which has undermined the whole price structure. And what is the matter with money? Fundamentally this: As a result of the war, gold stocks drifted to the United States (a lending country) and France (a hoarding country). But the whole world, primarily Germany, is still constrained to pay for the war to the two gold-owning countries—and constrained, not on the same basis as that which underlies all other obligations, but solely on the basis of an arbitrary political settlement commonly known as the Versailles Treaty. And what is the result? Simply this: The United States has loaned back to the debt-paying countries the moneys which these have paid out for what the angry Germans call "tribute." Last year it became clear that this process could continue no longer. Mr. Hoover stepped in.

AT PRESENT the thing then evident is likewise evident. Mr. Lamont argues, however, that the next move is not up to Mr. Hoover. He says that France is the chief long-term creditor of Germany, and that therefore it is France with which the Germans must arrive at an agreement. The machinery is, he thinks, provided by the Young Plan, under which the German government has the right to request a moratorium. As a result, some new conference could readjust the debt schedules, possibly adopting the figures Dr. Schacht proposed at the time of the Paris conference. We are sorry to add that, despite our respect for Mr. Lamont, this reasoning seems inconclusive. It is true that France is an important German creditor, but the sovereign position of the United States in the whole business of the debts has been plain as day for twelve years. Our national stake in it is ninety to ten of everybody else's. And when one argues under such conditions that the next move is up to somebody else, the reason is evident: One is baffled by the social, diplomatic and political problems involved. One doesn't like to risk another remark. Frankly we don't like that attitude. It savors not of leadership but of quite hypothetical following. It continues the attitude of the past twelve years. Then it was well enough, but today? The time has surely come to wake up. More than war debts are at stake, more even than American investments abroad. Possibly the whole social and economic future of the world will be decided by an act.

News of the Kingdom

THE most recently instituted of the great Catholic festivals, the feast of Christ the King, is in its mystical significance no doubt beyond the range of comprehension of any who do not have the Faith and have not experienced the real power of grace. It was in a special way, however, an occasion of visible signs which everybody can appreciate and which even to the most empirical must give evidence of the reality of the inspiration of religion. The pastoral letter of Bishop Boyle, of Pittsburgh, gives us a splendid intimation of the inward actuating principle of the occasion. "In these days of dread and anxiety," it said, "it is not amiss to remind men of their dependence upon Divine Providence, and of the Christian teaching that Almighty God governs the world, and is the Ruler of men and of their temporal and spiritual affairs. Not economics and not politics, but the Spirit of God That first moved in chaos and brought order and discipline to matter, will lay hold upon life and restore to men confidence and human comfort." In the diocese, the Blessed Sacrament was exposed throughout the day, and the director of the Holy Name Society reports that some five hundred thousand people visited or received the Blessed Sacrament as an act of fealty to the Divine government of Christ the King.

SUCH specific instances as we give here are, of course, only a hint of the total reality of the observance of the feast in the intimate experience of every individual soul in a great diocese, and throughout the country, and the world. Another instance seems to us especially significant because it demonstrates, not as an isolated example but as one we know to have a counterpart that will be familiar to every truly active Catholic, how really alive in the hearts of manly men is the love of God today. This was the unveiling of the statue of Christ the King in the gardens of the Loyola House of Retreat in Morristown, New Jersey. The statue was presented by Mr. Henry Herbermann, president and owner of the American Export Lines and Steamship Corporation, in a ceremony that was attended not only by dignitaries of the Church but also by business men of eminence in their fields, men who may fairly be said to be second to none in their ability to deal with contemporary actualities. They were men who in this

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case were not only paying their devotion to the mystical and idealistic doctrine of Christ the King on this day, but also were founders and promoters of the lay-retreat movement having its center in Loyola House, men with the spiritual vigor to be able to stand leaving the world for days at a time and devoting themselves to contemplation of the Divine purpose and the Divine order, and to prayer.

Leopard's Spots

ONE OF the most startling demonstrations of how bad business is and to what extremes individuals will go to resuscitate it, is suggested by the fact that the Ku Klux Klan is now opening its ranks to Jews and Catholics. As a matter of fact, there has been a metamorphosis of the name and the aim of the organization; it is in its new form called "The White Band" and the things which it is against are "Black Radicalism, Red Communism, Yellow Intrigue and White Asinine Folly." This program certainly ought to give the salesman for the organization a good bag of tricks, so that if he is unable to enthuse the prospect over one of these things, say "Yellow Intrigue," he should succeed in landing him for the noble cause of fighting "White Asinine Folly." The organizers modestly profess that 350,000 persons have already joined their ranks and are quietly forming groups. What sort of paraphernalia in the way of masks and costumes goes with the privilege, and the price, of belonging, has not been divulged. William Joseph Simmons, founder and former Imperial Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan, is the founder and leader of The White Band. He disclaims ever having been against Catholics or Jews, and says he was interested only in keeping the United States out of the League of Nations, which mission he feels he has completed. It is difficult to estimate the justice of these statements, as also of the statement of the Director of Propaganda that "half our governors at one time belonged to the Klan," but we imagine they are approximations rather than exact pictures of the fact.

Avon and Automobiles

THOUGH many reforms have been suggested to the American motorist, we have thus far failed to note a movement for the uplift of diction. Yet the manner of speech is surely one gross blight on our mechanical age—uncouth expletives which emerge, even in very public places, from otherwise very decorous persons. We are indebted to the Shakespeare Association Bulletin for calling our attention to some correspondence in the London *Observer* which seems to indicate a way out. This correspondence had demonstrated Shakespeare's foreknowledge of motor cars. Here is part of the list: "Whence is that knocking?" (Macbeth); "Will this gear ne'er be mended?" (Troilus and Cressida); "You should see how I handle her" (Measure for Measure); "How dost thou know that constable?" (Measure for Measure); "To climb steep hills requires slow pace at first" (Henry VIII). There are a dozen other phrases ready to use now, and with some assistance from Professor Leslie Hotson many more can doubtless be found. The thought suggests itself, therefore, that in the interests of culture and respectability proper legislation should be enacted to compel all drivers to express themselves in Shakespearean terms. Instruction could be appended to the regular high-school curriculum, thus obviating at the same time that persistent youthful intelligence which wants to know why it studies poetry anyhow.

Not on Fire

IT IS said, with only too much truth, that we all grow up. However, the results vary. With maturity some become impressive, others become tame. The same sobering processes which now present us with that playboy and adventurer of letters, Mr. Compton Mackenzie, in the capacity of Lord Rector of Glasgow University, present us also with one of our own redoubtable bone-crushers and blood-letters, Mr. Sinclair Lewis, in the capacity of a lecturer who illustrates an almost distressing personal antithesis to his own lecture title, "A World on Fire." For whatever Mr. Lewis was in the recent talk he gave under that head at the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, he was not on fire. The old verve of feeling, the old fighting impact of expression, were replaced by a tepid banality very hard to adjust to. He began with a mild self-congratulation that he lived now instead of thirty years ago, because these are "rather amazing days," on account of the British elections and the "delightful possibility of war in the Far East." Then, after a nerveless little joke about Thank God, we now have prohibition, much in the manner of a suburbanite after-dinner speaker who is impressed by his own delicious daring, Mr. Lewis went back to the period he found so inferior to the present: the period when "Richard Harding Davis was the rule." Kipling, too, came in for some amiable mispraise—the merest ghost of a little dead cat shied in his direction—and the whole was summarized in the apothegm: "Knighthood isn't in flower any more." Then there was some talk about "the acute, breathless realism" which animates writers now, a few gentlemanly bows were distributed, and Mr. Lewis ended by desiderating some more Washingtons, Adamses and Jeffersons "to restore greatness" to us. Sinclair Lewis! To us it seems pretty sad.

One Evil Effect

THE STATE'S Industrial Commissioner, Miss Frances Perkins, has just given the Emergency Unemployment Relief Committee a memorandum on the inroads which diseases of all sorts make upon those who are enforcedly idle, and upon their families. "There is every evidence," she says, to oppose "recent statements that the health of the country has not suffered from the unemployment. Hospitals are complaining the increased demand for outpatient work,

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which they say has never been so great. Doctors tell the same story—that they have never been so busy." A moment's thought will tell us what the toll must already have been, in nerves, vitality and resistance, among those for whom the past year has been one of mounting anxiety. And beyond this line lies the grave fact of actual want already affecting both adults and children. "Children who seem all right now, but who are not getting proper or sufficient food," Miss Perkins reminds us, "may in two or three years, show the aftermath of rickets." Yet, in spite of the prime importance of this item, "some [of the relief agencies] can provide only 65 percent of the normal food requirements for those in their care." The return to the tenement crowding which social agencies have tried to overcome, in order to save rent, is another effect which, in its turn, acts as a cause not only of moral evils but of physical. In considering the claims of relief work, we are all under obligation to keep these dangers vividly in mind.

THE AMERICAN college student has been indicted so often for thoughtlessness, regimentation and the lack of that moral courage proceeding from an individual mode of thought, that it is only fair that another voice be heard in court. Indeed, such a voice is overdue. Careful observers know that Dean Christian Gauss is within the facts in pointing out in *Scribner's,* that there is a type of intellectual undergraduate (of course in the minority) who may constitute a disturbing problem because he is so individual. His differences from his average colleague are not all on the positive side of the moral scale, but he is significant because he is honestly trying to think for himself, and because of the intense seriousness of his reactions. For instance, in questioning, as he sometimes does, the orthodox version of private morality, he is not acting on the impulses of "flaming youth"; those impulses, even though he may defend them, do not seem to concern him much. He questions because an enthusiasm for private morality so often has identified itself in his observation with a strictly limited self-righteousness. To him the generation who were concerned with "the private life of young Jim Jones . . . took no effective interest in the public life of their fellow citizens." That is his key: a social consciousness startlingly insistent.

Collegian, New Style

HE FEELS that "sins are serious in proportion to their social effects, and an act which affects the doer alone is not as seriously or far-reachingly immoral as one which tends to beget injustice and ill-will or corruption in city or state." And so his challenge to what he calls "puritanical morality" is just a beginning. He questions the industrial organization of which he himself may be a privileged beneficiary, showing a tendency to give chapter and verse for its iniquities. He questions, with a chilling objectivity, the almost metaphysical dogma of national "preëminence which has been the chief religion of America. He will tell you that "a selfish nationalism is morally out of date," and mean something by it. He is open-minded about Russia, without being either a Communist or a defender of the G.P.U. He is open-minded about India. He has, in fact, become "as realistic in dealing with foreign or domestic politics as [he was] accused of being in dealing with sex." Dean Gauss may stress unduly the clear-headedness of the type, but the type is here, and it is growing. Many of them are marked to be our future leaders, and our own feeling is that, in spite of the dangers of negation, disillusionment and rationalism, they promise well.

CATHOLIC CONVERSION

"YOU KNOW, it is endlessly amazing to me," said a convert to the Catholic faith to us recently, "how Catholics dare to be earnest about their faith." The occasion for this statement—which may be very naive or very subtle, depending on what one makes of it—was the broadcasting of a young Catholic man over Station WLWL under the auspices of the National Catholic Converts League. Our friend the convert, who had been listening to the broadcasting, was plainly impressed by the high seriousness of the speaker, by the erudition he displayed, and by the straightforward vigor with which he expressed himself. We had taken these things more or less as a matter of course, until they were called to our attention by the convert. Then we paused to reflect: the young man who was doing the broadcasting, is a young lawyer with an office of his own and a secretarial staff of his own which he has to keep busy, and for which he has to manage the upkeep, not to speak of his own maintenance and the maintainance of a fairly large domestic establishment. In other words he is a rather busy person, for whom life is real and life is earnest. Some two or three nights a week, he teaches law at a downtown night school. This would seem to pretty well round out an active life. However, he still finds time to be a member of a group of Catholic lawyers who meet at regular intervals, with a learned S. J. as referee, to hear one of their members read a paper on some subject in theology or apologetics, and then debate, with all the professional skill of lawyers, and no doubt some of the tricks, the fine points of what they have heard. And on top of all this, here he was this night, a volunteer speaker for the National Catholic Converts League.

This same earnestness toward religion was vividly evidenced some time later on a more extensive scale, this time the meeting of the Converts League in New York which was addressed by Father Delaunay on the subject, "Christ and the Convert." There must have been nearly a thousand persons in attendance. His Eminence, Cardinal Hayes, distinguished the gathering by his presence. The speaker was eloquent in picturing the first converts to Christianity, the apostles, and how the special emotions, the special problems of the convert had changed very little since those first

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conversions. Not only was the speaker eloquent, but also there was in that large gathering a thrilling attention, something difficult to describe but something which everyone at some time must have felt, an eagerness of attention which made the audience no mere passive thing but actively, joyfully, receptive. The listeners were a living testimony to the words of Father Delaunay: "The knowledge of Christ should first of all make every convert a sower of the good seed that has fallen into his own soul. In the Gospel we read, 'The sower went out to sow seed.' That, of course, is meant literally of Christ Who chose our unworthy hearts as His furrow and desires to reap a plentiful harvest therefrom." His Eminence also delivered a few words on the importance of the League, and recalled two incidents of his own experience in connection with converts. The import of both of these incidents was the high seriousness of the step which the convert took, how completely it had changed his whole life, not simply in the matter of an hour more or less a week spent in formal worship, but in his whole approach, his whole attitude toward life, which became dedicated in its every part as an offering to God. Again in the audience there was apparent a keenness which made it figuratively like a multitude advancing to hear the words as did the multitude about Jerusalem.

Here, then, prompted by the remark of that convert, we have noted a really remarkable earnestness about faith, on the one hand in the case of the ardent, adult Catholic student of religion, anxious and happy to be able to give evidence of the solid basis of his faith, and on the other hand, of converts who each had had to make an extraordinary act of faith, often a protracted and excruciating searching of his soul, a searching of the evidence, an approach to new and strange things, and an inner debate between old and new convictions. Any first-hand experience of this earnestness must evoke admiration, even we believe from the sceptical. The element of daring in it that our convert friend had noted, we believe is largely unconscious, but is none the less real. Simply and earnestly to give evidence of faith is always, both in a wordly and a metaphysical sense, a daring thing.

Mr. Walter Lippman, from what we may assume is an exclusively secular experience and point of view, has spoken about public opinion being in a state of flux, in a molten state, and that leaders with ideals would find an almost unique opportunity in the present to give shape and direction to public opinion. This indeed is an opportunity for the Catholic, which is almost the same as the first Christians faced in the flux of opinion consequent on the break-up of paganism as the religion of the Roman Empire. There is unquestionably a great deal of talk at present about religion, a great deal of fine thinking on it—fine, in the exact sense of the word. There is even some earnestness. But we believe there is an almost equal unwillingness to have the daring to assume a definite conviction, to commit oneself to it, to make a sincere act of faith. There is not only unwillingness to assume the metaphysical daring of this, of which we have spoken, but also to assume the works of faith. Usually, too, the earnestness is lacking and there is a slipping out of the dilemma with a little protective muddying of the waters with sophistication and genial expression of indifference which in effect is a denial of the occasion of the whole discussion. It is beside the point to speak in this connection of those objectors, usually violent and thereby discredited from any real influence, who are interested only in tearing down faith and whose only interest in spiritual values is to insult them.

Daring to embrace conviction, what is the Catholic man or woman to do, faced continually as he or she is, except under exceptional circumstances, with the questions of the earnest seeker after evidence and of the less serious sceptic? With some, the problem presents psychic disturbances which may become as exaggerated as the acute forms of scruples. There is an implicit arrogance or hardness in the expression of real conviction to some sensitive minds, which renders them virtually helpless to express their deep inward faith. Immolation of one's personal feelings and a simple effort to answer to the best of one's ability, however, is the solution necessary from the point of view of every worthy motive, not least of which is true charity.

In the *Homiletic and Pastoral Review* for November, the Reverend Charles Bruehl has an extremely clear and helpful article on "Apologetics for Our Days," and in his conclusion emphasizes this very point. His thesis is that apologetics should be concerned not with comparisons and criticisms, but with simple exposition of the tenets of faith, and he concludes: "Constructive, non-polemical exposition possesses a commendable feature which should be valued highly. It opens up the rich treasure of Catholic doctrine and this enables the inquirer after the truth to see for himself that all the fragments of truth preserved in his own religious belief are likewise contained in the Catholic faith. In fact, he will discover much that is both familiar and dear to him. The discovery will naturally make him look with kindlier eyes upon this faith which, on account of previous misrepresentation, he had come to regard as something utterly at variance with all his religious conceptions and offensive to his religious sensibilities. Possibly he will realize that he is much nearer to the Catholic faith than he ventured to think. Controversey and attack, on the other hand, accentuate the existing differences and widen the gulf between the inquirer and the Catholic truth. They have a discouraging effect because they create the impression that there are no bridges by which he may pass from his present position to the Faith. And last but not least, positive exposition, contrary to controversy and polemics, does not even remotely expose us to the danger of offending against charity." This we know the Catholic lay apologist and the convert will echo in their hearts, each as an answer to a familiar difficulty with which experience has confronted him.

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CANADA BATTLES UNEMPLOYMENT

By M. GRATTAN O'LEARY

"AM I MY brother's keeper?" Answering that age-old challenge, Canada is spending $100,000,000 to provide work and sustenance for her 300,000 unemployed. She has a budget deficit, increased taxation, railway difficulties and declining trade and revenues, but her government has said that no Canadian who is willing to take a job this winter will be compelled to go without one. Moreover, with the winter season still some distance away, the Unemployment Relief Bill, passed at the last session of Parliament, has given work to tens of thousands.

Canada's story in coping with unemployment is creditable to the government's leadership and to the sense of social justice and the humane progressiveness of her people. The first chapter in the story began more than a year ago.

It began when, discovering that more than 100,000 Canadians were unemployed, Premier Bennett, in September, 1930, summoned a special session of Parliament and voted $20,000,000 for purposes of relief. This plan, supported by all the provinces, and by the public generally, resulted in a combined outlay by the dominion, the provinces and the municipalities, which eventually amounted to upward of $70,000,000, this more than tiding the country over the unemployment consequences of the 1930 depression. Under the plan of expenditure, as it was worked out, the federal government undertook to do three things: (1) it agreed to pay one-third of the cost of all direct relief undertaken by the provinces and the municipalities; (2) it agreed to pay 25 percent of the cost of all municipal relief works; (3) it undertook to pay one-half the cost of all purely provincial relief works, and also to pay one-half the cost of new links constructed in the Trans-Canada highway.

The provinces, coöperating with the federal government, prepared programs of public works, agreements between each province and the dominion were entered into, and one month after the special session of Parliament had passed the necessary legislation, the relief plan got under way.

One other expenditure, too, the federal government provided for. It undertook to contribute the interest rates on any capital expenditures that might be made by the railways in advance of absolute necessity. On this account alone, the two railway systems spent more than $25,000,000, providing a considerable amount of additional employment.

Taking account of all these outlays, dominion, provincial and municipal, there was spent more than $70,000,000. The program created work for 327,990 men and women, gave 7,228,744 days of work, provided unemployment relief for 49,946 families and for approximately 146,000 single individuals.

This money did more than provide work. In nearly all cases expenditures were made either for roads or for substantial and necessary public works. Large sums were spent on subways and bridges, new sewers and water mains; practically every form of municipal and rural improvement received a marked impetus in consequence of the plan.

Arguing, too, against the claim that bureaucratic management is necessarily inefficient was the fact that the work was administered with a minimum of cost. The total bill for administration, indeed, did not exceed $30,000, the actual cost of operating the program being slightly less than one-sixth of 1 percent.

What was so successfully done in 1930, is being attempted on a far greater scale in 1931. Confronted by a continuing depression, Premier Bennett this year decided that the situation could only be dealt with adequately by heroic and generous action. Therefore, instead of asking Parliament for an additional $20,000,000, he demanded of it a blank check, asked for almost dictatorial power to formulate a program which, in his own language, would permit no Canadian to starve.

Parliament, almost unanimously, granted the request. It gave the government authority to make all expenditures it deemed necessary either out of current revenue or from borrowed capital, and it empowered it to provide for the construction, extension or improvement of public works, buildings, undertakings, railways, highways, subways, bridges, canals, harbors, wharves or any other works and undertakings of any nature or kind whatsoever. Parliament, in fact, conferred authority to "assist provinces, cities, towns, municipalities and other bodies or associations, by loaning moneys thereto, or guaranteeing repayment of moneys thereby, or in such other manner as may be deemed necessary or advisable." In other words, the government was authorized to see to it that in cases where a municipality could not afford to pay its share of expenditure on a municipal work, and yet required unemployment relief, the dominion would advance it the necessary funds.

The program took shape under a well-defined and scientifically planned arrangement. The provincial governments were requested to make surveys and to report to Ottawa the number of unemployed which would have to be cared for. They were requested, also, to confer with their municipalities and to work out with them a program of provincial and municipal public works. These programs, when formulated, were submitted to the federal government for approval, and, when approved in whole or in part, became eligible for assistance from the federal relief fund. The degree to which the federal government would share

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the cost, not only of public works, but of direct relief, was made a matter of separate agreement between each province and Ottawa.

But Mr. Bennett did not stop at this. In addition to contributing toward the cost of a program of provincial and municipal works, he embarked upon a program of construction of purely federal works. This program, it is worth noting, was divorced entirely from the slightest suspicion of patronage or of party politics. To every member of Parliament, regardless of his party affiliations, went a letter inviting him to indicate, for the information of the federal government, what federal undertakings could be usefully proceeded with in his constituency during the coming winter. The result was a large program of federal works undertaken throughout the country.

All moneys are being expended with a first regard for the maximum of employment, and the utmost care has been exercised to see to it that labor is not exploited, and that there shall be no discrimination against anyone, or against any section of the community, on political, religious or racial grounds. Finally, it was stipulated that at least 40 percent of all accounts paid must be for direct labor.

Precisely how much money will be spent before the completion of the government's program, is not known. It is certain, however, that the amount will not be less than $100,000,000; it may even be a great deal more.

A noteworthy feature of this Canadian unemployment relief program is that it has been splendidly free from party controversy and from political manipulation. It was never considered as a part of any particular political or economic creed or doctrine. The position taken by all classes in the country was simply that, regardless of possible causes of the depression, or the merits or demerits of remedies that might be applied to it, Canadians could not be permitted to starve while the country remained rich in resources.

THE QUEST OF IMMORTALITY

By MARGARET WILLOUGHBY WESTON

THOSE of us who, despite the sceptic, hold that there is conclusive evidence to the effect that human "souls" exist, and that the existence of a Divinely human Spirit in man's world, Which shows no sign of dying, is as manifest as an axiom, now confront the question whether the lesser spirits—souls of men—can achieve conscious union with the Undying One, in Whom we mortals "live and move and have our being," here for a day, another gone from sight (even as the "germ cells" come and go in our own mortal frames). Buddhists believe—unless my ignorance misapprehends—that souls can so despise the world, so kill out personal desire for its elusive joys, as to extinguish in themselves consciousness of world evil. World evil need not fear such souls, withdrawn from its contagion in a contemplation of unchanging, infinite Perfection. Christians, by contrast, have believed, if I may speak for one of them, that human souls, like the Undying One, are able so to love the world as to withhold from the world's service nothing —not their own best beloved sons—that could contribute to the world's salvation: and that by virtue of such love souls achieve conscious union of shared purpose with the Undying One they worship with heart, soul, strength and mind. In such a joyous union, their free will carries out, through faith and understanding, a Supreme Will that sweeps the pageant of successive visible existences on to the consummation of a far-off Divine event, toward which the whole creation moves.

World evils fear the Christian's vision of a Perfect God aiding a would-be-perfect man to overcome them. For they know that to him no high thought will seem too high to hold, no great deed seem too great for him to do. They know they cannot frighten him into a service of their falsity and lusts by any threat of bodily distress, because he has been schooled to understand that although all things visible will change and pass, God never changes. So long as he can cling to his belief that life and power of a glad world-to-come is at his hand today to help him fight for its advancement, the Christian will not stoop to lower a standard of humanity once raised, to presage victory, by Christ. Take from him that belief, and you take joy and meaning out of the fight. He may keep on with it himself, obeying habits formed by early faith. But he won't send his children forth to die for what, he now concedes, was a delusive hope. He cannot send them, even if he would; for they will have perceived, in him, its "footlessness"; and will decline to give up their own lives for that in which no future is foreseen. Since it is to the rising generations we must look for human will and strength to fight truth's battle steadfast through the darkness until its star shall once again shine clear, we cannot chill their hearts by words like these of the sceptic without incurring terrible responsibility for what these generation do and suffer when, by such words, their own light has been quenched.

Yet this sceptic is right in seeing—and in saying—three all-important things: first, that the age-old intuition of mankind that disembodied souls live on, among the shades of what the Greeks called Hades, but which he tries to ridicule, can be confirmed only by a mortal man who, having died and left his body sealed within a tomb, returns to tell his fellow men what his soul saw among departed spirits; second, that possibility of souls' resuming bodily appearances once mortified by death can be asserted with convincing power only by one who himself reappeared in likeness that his fellow

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mortals knew, and let himself be touched to prove that what their wonderment beheld was tangible reality; third, that existence of a place of habitation open for the reception of mens' sublimated souls and bodies can be made evident to eyes of mortal men only if they themselves see sublimated souls and bodies rapt from before their sight—as is reported to have been the case, first with Elijah, later with the Risen Christ. The sceptic is to be thanked by all believing Christians for having made what is essential for substantiation of their faith so clear to everyone. Unless it was substantiated in the way his cautious mind requires, it is no stronger than a sentimental hope.

But I feel strongly he cannot be justified—as a fair fighter for what he thinks truth—in trying to convince the rising generations that "immortality is a delusion" without, at least, allowing them to sense the fact that men fully as sceptical as he were once so thoroughly convinced on these three points, by just the special evidence he calls for, that twelve of them, except Saint Paul unlearned, sufficed by power of their own conviction of its astounding truth to spread their "good news" over all the world then known to them. He cannot possibly be justified in setting forth his case as if the pagan world Christ's Gospel undertook to save from the abominations practised in the twilight of its childhood's gods were in a second childhood intellectually, and therefore able to believe what is, today, quite too absurd for high-school boys to credit.

He will say that primitive man had no conception of life as having a beginning and an end. (Where does he get authority for such a statement?) And he may add that today everyone of ordinary intelligence knows how life begins, and to examine the beginnings of life leads to inevitable conclusions about the way life ends. That is exactly why "religious" men object to statements shattering to faith being put forth by half-baked "scientists" (who give no hint that many others differ from their view) as if they had final authority to teach the things of life and death. Their conclusions seem to their own minds "inevitable," so they pass them on as such to their confiding students. And the students, ignoring any Power Invisible that might prevent or punish them, may undertake experiments in seeing for themselves just how life ends, as did two boys of brilliant intellects which had been scientifically disabused of every thought and feeling able to inhibit their fiendish brutality.

Physical science has, as yet, but scratched the surface of that which it will have the right to teach as being fully demonstrated. It cannot follow souls beyond the grave, and then return to say which courses are to bring mankind to know their souls as "lost" or "found," on passing from the flesh. And there is not the slightest possibility physical science ever can acquire such knowledge to impart (although Sir William Bragg has just declared before a meeting of distinguished confrères that "man has a soul," and that science is "not setting forth to destroy the soul, but to keep body and soul together"). One Man alone claims to have made that journey and returned to tell His own disciples what He learned. It is significant that what He told them seemed at once so awful and so glorious, in its potentialities, that they accounted laying down their own lives to prove its Truth as highest privilege, if thus they might save the souls of other men who would throw life away in carelessness of sin.

The world of men they preached to was anything but "primitive." It was brilliantly intellectual and sophisticated, but disillusioned, like a man of middle-age whose dreams have played him false, and who, discarding them as worthless, calls to his comrades, "Let us eat, drink and dance before we die." Surrounded by artistic grandeur of their own achievement, ruins of which remain unrivaled to the present day, these men looked on it without hope, convinced as the modern sceptic is himself that all things pass away. He has no right to speak as if they were too "primitive" to know that every human life seems to begin with physical conjunction of a man and woman, and seems to end when the fruit of that union seems to die. It took considerable evidence to convince any Jew, Greek or Roman of the Augustan Age that a man had actually "risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept." Most of them paid no heed to such absurdity, and continued in their wisdom —or their sin? From what the unbelievers of the first three centuries of the Christian era wrote, one gets no more idea that such a claim was actually made on the behalf of Christ, by men who said that they had been instructed by Him, than uninformed youth now would get from reading atheist writings. Yet in view of the life they awakened, people of extraordinary intelligence may feel that the Evangelists were truly wise, and that the Christ they preached possesses Life Eternal which overflowed the world through them, and which is flowing still. All things predicted of Him have not yet come to pass. But the end is not yet.

While human beings work and fight to serve and save Christ's Spirit, no one can say with certitude Its battle may not in the end be won. But he who disbelieves in all that Christians say is "possible with God," can air his disbelief in words and ways which discourage any attempt to do more than work and fight for food and drink and clothing, driven by a sordid fear lest lacking them men may uncomfortably die. Anyone deaf to the immortal Words which tell him that the world is to be saved by the steadfastness of men, is able to destroy man's hope by sincere utterance of what he takes to be sane truths. Anyone blind to the world's Light can summon others, blind as he, to follow him into a ditch where men may wallow unimpeded by fear of losing sight of It. But the intelligent sceptic should not find himself among such men. For he has proved himself possessor of a soul that never ceases valiantly to work and fight: that justice may be done; that mercy may be shown, even to torturers who

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"know not what they do"; and that truth may prevail, even if it destroy cherished illusions.

He does not think, himself, that what he writes will be demoralizing. He thinks that, when we fully understand the brevity of life, its fleeting joys and inevitable pains, when we accept the fact that all men and women are approaching an inevitable doom, the consciousness of it should make us more kindly and considerate of each other. This feeling should make men and women use their best efforts to help their fellow travelers on the road, to make the path brighter and easier as we journey on.

This is deeply true. But this truth can, I think, be recognized in a benignant form only by those mature in years, whose warfare nears accomplishment, and who are ready to lay down their arms. To youth this vision of the brevity of earthly life, its fleeting joys and its inevitable pains is simply terrible in threatening to annihilate all possibilities of making real man's dreams, unless it can be coupled with an abiding vision of a glory never to pass away, to which all loyal work and fighting can contribute, enabling faithful lives to stand forever blessed as bearing faithful witness to God's Love. Without such vision men ignobly perish, consumed by feverish desire to get the utmost possible out of the passing show, and taste all fruits of knowledge, howsoever fatal to their race, before they "go hence and are no more seen." Youth, when bereft of God, prefers to dance and drink until the money's gone: then end the show by bravely showy gesture of its own, rather than face such old age. For youth cannot conceive of taking satisfaction in the grim idea that one has looked with disillusioned eyes on man's disfigurement and waste of life, yet remained man enough to eat one's dinner with a hearty appetite, while waiting till all consciousness should gradually pass.

Or perhaps I write thus only because I myself could not conceive any such satisfaction in my youth, and am as powerless to do so now as I ever was. I started with no belief at all. My parents told me nothing of God, the soul, or a life after death, and kept me from all Sunday schools, because they held nothing could with certainty be known about these things. But as I read books written by men and women whose belief was firm, I took for granted their theology was true—the more so as my parents seemed to feel quite as much compulsion to lead honorable lives as the fine characters in all my books. I had the normal expectation of joy to be derived by honorable men, from work and love, marriage and parenthood. And suddenly this was annihilated by a magazine article written by an authority no less than Thomas Huxley, which demonstrated with a clearness my brain acknowledged and my ignorance could not confute, that all the Christian evidence was thoroughly untrustworthy, and miracles could never have occurred. I asked my parents what they thought, and learned that they had long ago accepted this bad news as undeniable. The Christ legend was a myth grown up as legends do, among those ignorant enough to be deceived by it. No intelligent person believed that tale in our enlightened day.

I was just seventeen when I began to think my situation out on the new basis of a total non-belief. In six horrible weeks I came to the conclusion that since these things were so there was no worth in human life, or its delusive struggle to be noble; that sexual love was its most fatal trap, by which it forced fine men and women into degrading Mammon-service (the thing I most despised) to keep alive children who would be better left unborn; that as soon as earning-power ceased the old burdened the young, unless they had acquired money to prevent this, by the aforesaid Mammon-service; and that for me the only self-respecting course was to cease burdening my parents, as soon as I could master a profession; refrain from bringing children of my own into the world, and take my own life rather than let it come on others to support again.

I did not like this prospect, and my conduct was detestable. I spent two years in gloom no light could pierce, and consequent ill-health no one could understand. Study and work proved a relief, and led me to use life in efforts to recover some of its old elusive meaning, once gathered from loved books. And finally, through undesired parenthood that old-time ignorance of birth control did not allow me to escape, I saw in a child's eyes reality of God I could not doubt; and from that moment set myself to wrest from life the evidence of God's existence, and the authentic knowledge of His truth, which might prevent the future of mankind from ever looking to my child the aimless, helpless, hopeless horror it had once looked to me.

It is my "findings" I am trying slightly to indicate today. I should like to think my witness may encourage some few souls that the sceptic would dismay. I am not yet quite seventy: but if the few years it will take to make me so, increase as rapidly as have the last few months the proofs I see today that Christ revealed God's Truth for the salvation of all men, the world would not contain the books that I could write trying to prove it. Unfortunately, everyone has to prove it for himself. The great thing is, not to give up one's own attempt to do so.

Art

Around the curving balustrade,
Into the shadows, there were corridors
Appropriate to northern twilights,
Filled with tapestries the color of dead leaves,
And portraits rich with penetrable glooms.
But mostly a Madonna, with her smile
Of all the disappointments in the world
Made sweetness of,
Drew out an old devotion there,
The very armor burned with.
Outside, in the wind,
The motor cars, in all their hurrying hues,
Were vacant with cold speed.

BENJAMIN R. C. LOW.

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THE NEW IRISH REVOLUTIONARIES

By SEAN O'FAOLAIN

Even Paradise was afflicted with Satan; and so it is not astonishing that Ireland, despite the real progress made during the past decade, should be afflicted with political and social controversy. Regarding the nature and virtues of this we have no opinions of our own. Mr. O'Faolain, author of the present informative paper, has long since been a contributor to these columns, and we know him to be a fine, intelligent journalist whose views are more than usually worthy of respect. The picture he draws may, we think, be accepted as an accurate résumé of strange contemporary happening in the Free State.—The Editors.

A FEW months ago the directors of the Abbey Theatre ventured to produce a play called "The Moon in the Yellow River," by Mr. E. W. Tocher, not without some misgivings as to the reception it was likely to receive. The moon in the title was the moon of the Chinese poet who drowned himself in attempting to embrace it, the analogy with the Irish idealistic revolutionary being pointed out by means of an incredible young gunman who quoted Li Po and ranted about the symbolism of the unicorn, and objected, partly on humanitarian, partly on aesthetic, grounds to some new Irish hydroelectric scheme. Opposite him was a German engineer (the Shannon scheme was sure to arrive at the Abbey sooner or later) and a Strindbergian character who philosophized about the origins of evil and unhappiness. Realism was supplied by a Free State lieutenant who, to the relief of the audience, stopped the gunman's literary gabble with a bullet at the end of the second act. The play did not create the slightest fuss at the Abbey and the directors were left wondering why not. One wonders incidentally whether the directors of the Abbey have not lost all touch with Irish life, for a more unreal, and therefore unexciting, image of modern Irish revolutionary politics it would be hard to imagine.

To understand the true political situation one must recall the course of events since Easter, 1916. They ran what Matthew Arnold called the way of a "movement of feeling," and the most potent weapon of the revolutionaries of those days was Irish passion and Irish imagination—Irish brains, except for the cunning or ingenuity of the gunmen, not being in demand until Arthur Griffith and Michael Collins met Mr. Lloyd George at Downing Street. As we know the Republican extremists were not satisfied with the result of that meeting, and in a burst of unthinking dissatisfaction turned their guns on their compatriots in the Civil War. That over, a complete disillusionment set in—to be measured by the number of émigré gunmen one may meet today washing cars in Cleveland or running speakeasies in New York. In the vacuum of that inertia the Free State consolidated its position, and if you asked an Irishman of that period whether there was any fear of further "trouble," he would have laughed at you. If you ask the same question today, he will at once assume a worried expression, and preface his remarks with, "Well, *they* say. . ."—always a bad sign in Ireland, because a sign of timidity and fear. In other words, there is definitely "something in the air" in the Ireland of today, and the only person who seems to be satisfied that it will not issue in a storm is Mr. Fitzgerald-Kenney, Minister for Justice in the Free State, who will probably introduce in the course of the next few weeks a strong Coercion Bill in the Dail—in his own words, "to put down crime and keep it down." Nevertheless, neither he nor any member of the Free State government goes one hundred yards in the streets of Dublin without a strong armed bodyguard.

It is not the older men, as a rule, who are responsible for the present revolutionary activity. The old Sinn Fein organization, for example, is as dead as a door-nail. It is merely playing at politics, as impractical as the last remnants of the old A. O. H. (Ancient Order of Hibernians) was in 1918. It retains its old constitution, but it also retains a belief in the existence and *de jure* rights of the Second Dail—the last Dail of the shadow republic of the years of abstention from Westminster before the founding of the Free State. The old I. R. A. is likewise moribund. Its members have, for the most part, had enough. In the south, for instance, its members have formed openly a kind of ex-soldiers' legion, known as Laocra Gaedhal (Warriors of the Gael), and when an army founds a social club one may safely count it out of the field of revolutionary politics. Mr. De Valera's party, Fianna Fail, has more than once dissociated itself from the new revolutionaries, and though committed verbally to a "republic," he has made it clear that he is no longer a believer in physical opposition to the Free State government. It is not at all likely that any of these bodies would under any conditions contemplate taking part in a revolutionary movement, but they all have political influence and would be glad to see the Free State government fall.

The new movement has for its leaders at least several men who have been through the whole run of Irish revolutionary activities since 1916, but it is characteristic of their thought that they have little or no respect for the great names they once adored. Even Pearse and Connolly seem to escape censure only because they did not live long enough to earn it. Of Griffith they speak lightly. Collins they dismiss as a mere gunman. For this is an intellectual movement, and at the same time a movement of the people developing itself along social lines. The old Sinn Fein movement these men declare was merely a middle-class

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or bourgeois movement. Patriotic Irishmen of today must, they say, line up with the people of the land and the workers in the cities, to right not merely a national injustice—here the movement gets its Republican nomenclature—but an economic injustice. Thus the movement is based on an appeal to class-consciousness, and issues finally with a Socialistic, or even Communistic, tinge. Its members, in the opinion of the Minister of Justice, "are endeavoring to force a republic of a Soviet nature on the majority." Under one banner all forms of extreme feeling in Ireland are being thus invited to oppose the Free State government, every kind of extreme nationalist from the constitutional Republican (Mr. De Valera's party) and the Socialist (the Labor party) down to the Communist, the physical-force man (i.e., the new I. R. A.) or any man at all who is dissatisfied with the policy or administration of the Free State government, and the type is legion.

The methods employed to develop the movement are various, but the simplest works upon the small farmer's dissatisfaction in the matter of land annuities. In many counties he is being hard hit by the size of these annuities and poor prices being offered for his stock in the export market. He is urged to resist payment of the annuities even to the point of eviction by the bailiff. In such counties as Leitrim, Wexford, Tipperary, Clare, Galway, this resistance alone has been sufficient to produce a suitable atmosphere for revolutionary propaganda. It is pointed out to the people that the Free State government is anti-national and anti-social in forcing the impoverished farmer to pay large rentals to English ex-landlords who have (of course) no right to a penny of Irish money for Irish soil. "No rent" is the cry at many such meetings —a step farther than the Fianna Fail policy which advocates the payment of annuities to an Irish government—and it is therefore an easy stey via Parnell's no-rent campaign, and Fintan Lalor, to some form or other of state Socialism. It is easy to see that the Free State government comes off the worst in such an argument as the agents in Ireland of British imperialism and British capitalism.

Just now all this is coming into the open in the foundation of an organization of workers and working farmers, to be known as Saor Eire (Free Ireland). A draft constitution has been published and an All Ireland conference anticipated. The government has, however, lost no time in declaring that such an organization will be considered illegal. The first and second objects are stated as follows:

1. To break the connection with England and secure for the republic of Ireland free expression of its national sovereignty.

2. To vest all political power within the republic in the working class and working farmers.

The means to be employed to achieve these, and the other, ends are stated in two paragraphs:

1. To organize committees of action among the industrial and agricultural workers to lead the day-to-day struggle of the working class and working farmers against exploitation, and to secure a revolutionary leadership for their common struggle.

2. The mobilization of the mass of the Irish people behind a revolutionary government, for the overthrow of British imperialism and its allies in Ireland, and for the organization of a workers' state.

And so we are, at any rate so thinks the Minister for Justice, brought back to the "activities" of the new I. R. A.

The old difficulty with Irish revolutionary movements has been to relate the open constitutional, or semi-constitutional, movement with the subterranean physical-force organization, in former days Sinn Fein with the volunteers. The constitution of Sinn Fein was vague, and words like "complete freedom" and "development of national resources" covered a multitude of doubts. It is in this connection both the strength and weakness of the present movement that it prides itself on being an intellectual realistic constructive movement. If Saor Eire and the I. R. A. are really "so linked with one another as to be really one"—to quote the Minister for Justice—how many of the young men in the "army" realized in entering it that they were supporting a semi-Communist organization? And when the Church, for example, gets going at them, how many of them will stick to their guns?

Meanwhile, the public watches anxiously for the new Coercion Bill which threatens to go as far as capital punishment for treasonable crimes. How far will the government dare to go? How far will it be able to cope with this latest and most virulent expression of dissatisfaction among the people? The government has a large number of declared opponents but it has almost as many dissatisfied supporters, and there seems to be a widespread feeling that its position has weakened considerably since the last election. Nobody knows at the moment just how widespread this revolutionary activity really is; the guards have up to the present been unwilling (because terrorized), or unable (because they have insufficient powers), to cope with it. A month will bring the clash. It is said, however, to be no part of the policy of the revolutionaries to wish to invite a clash if it can be avoided, until, no doubt, in their own words, "the mass of the people have been mobilized behind a revolutionary government for the overthrow of . . ."?

The impartial observer must feel that the men of the new movement are desperately honest and desperately sanguine, underestimating the conservative nature of the people and their weariness of violence, underestimating above all the power of the Church, which is of course unsympathetic to anything in the nature of a Communist movement. On the other hand, the Free State government does not appear to realize the existence of a genuine economic injustice among at any rate some section of the farming community, especially those on the western seaboard, in such counties as Sligo and Donegal. It is agreed that many of these men of ten

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to twenty acres cannot pay their annuities this year and that some provision should be made for them. Some discrimination is also required between the farmers who have bought their land under different acts, the 1885 Act, the Ashbourne Act, the so-called Hogan Act where the alteration in monetary values shows striking contrasts in the amounts payable today for equal portions of land, often in contiguous counties, as in the case of Limerick and Clare. Finally if out of the present unrest, be its extent what it may, should rise a new fervor of a nationalistic emotion, it will not help the present government; in fact the most likely thing to occur may well be a victory for Mr. De Valera at the polls and so, from the British point of view, a recurrence of the same problem in a new and more pressing form.

AMERICAN INDIAN ARTISTS

By ROSE HENDERSON

THE RECENT announcement of a national exposition of Indian tribal arts, to be held at the Grand Central Galleries in December, emphasizes a growing regard for the rich and vigorous products of the aboriginal American. After a month in New York this exhibition, the largest and most comprehensive of its kind to be assembled, will visit the other principle cities of the United States and will then probably tour Europe. The show is sponsored by and circulated through the College Art Association.

All varieties of Indian art will be represented, even ceremonial dances put on by Southwest dancers. The soft red-browns and tans of basketry and pottery, the scarlets, vivid greens and yellows of rugs and blankets, the richness of silver and turquoise jewelry, the barbaric splendor of bead work and woven feathers, will provide a brilliantly colorful ensemble. An outstanding feature will be the collection of water-color paintings of tribal themes by young Indian artists who have won enthusiastic praise in Europe as well as in America.

Not only will the exhibition be a unique and imposing display of primitive color and pattern, but it will represent a distinctly native culture, which has recently experienced a noteworthy revival. For the pottery, basketry, rugs and jewelry of the Southwest tribes are now being produced in commercially important quantities and are found to have much in common with modern art and decoration.

Painters, architects and decorators are turning to Indian arts for new and stimulating suggestion. Modern interiors now show polychrome beams, carved and painted after the manner of those in old Mission churches. Painted friezes and wall borders also employ patterns which are direct copies of Indian pottery and textile motifs or which have been evolved from them. Round Mexican fireplaces are almost as primitive as the outdoor ovens of the Pueblos and are essentially the same in design. Straight-lined furniture is carved in symbolic devices which are often painted in crude blues, reds, greens and yellows. Pottery bowls serve as bases for lamps and in other modern arrangements. Indian rugs are replacing Orientals to a considerable extent, doubtless in part because of the present vogue for simple geometric design in direct and stimulating rhythms. Silks and other machine-made fabrics, printed with the vivid decoration of Pueblo and Aztec, are used for costumes and drapery.

Both colors and patterns need, of course, to be used with discernment. Applied to rough plaster or to heavy wooden beams, they are appropriate and satisfying. And as decoration for either walls or furnishings, they form surprisingly congenial accents in the severity of modernistic settings. Like the typical Indian blanket with its jagged lightning motifs or other striking theme, the decorative design as a whole is a glowing earth-born thing, and in the proper environment is as effective as a mottled rattlesnake against yellow sunlit sand. The Spaniard realized this and used Indian motifs with excellent discretion, bringing to the native artistry something of the sensuous refinement of Moorish and Arabian influence.

The Indian Exposition will be unique in its revelation of the life and thought of the artists, for the red man made his art a part of his personal, every-day life. In his native state, he made all of his products for his own use and pleasure. Pottery, basketry and textile weaving were discerningly adapted to his common household needs and were beautiful and durable as well. A good Navaho blanket was water-tight and would last a century with the ordinary wear which the Indian gave it. The best of the pottery is distinguished by its bold and graceful contours, its warmth of texture and especially by its appropriate decoration. The best basketry has never been equaled for attractiveness and durability. Decorative patterns were used in an interesting way on bows, arrows, pipes, flutes, drums, shrines—all the articles of daily primitive life. The design presents symbols of the Indian's religion and his poetic response to the world of nature.

In archaic Arizona pottery, the head of a mythical being, the Corn Maiden, is common; and here, too, are many decorative creatures native to the region, such as the plumed snake, birds, lizards, frogs, tadpoles and various insects. Food bowls often bear the figures of clowns, and the Little War God who is celebrated for his killing of monsters and for aiding the people in many ways. The butterfly is a favorite motif among the Hopis and is said to be a symbol of fertility. The dragon-fly is another frequent and interesting motif.

Indian meal bowls, baskets, water jars and blankets

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are a rebuke to the usual ugliness of such utilitarian objects among white people. An old Tsia water jar, for instance, is as beautiful in its way as a Greek vase and is as perfectly adapted to its use and environment. Beside it the tin pail of our machine age looks a veritable plebeian. The colorful patterns of an Indian saddle-cloth will subordinate the cheap and insignificant ornamentation of most of the white man's blanketry. Nothing has ever been made like the brilliant quill work of various Northern tribes. Color combinations are boldly expressive and are used with a nice sense of appropriateness in the accent or subordination of forms.

The Indian is a natural actor, performing with vigor and imagination upon a vast and impressive stage. He has accompanied his daily speech and action with a glowing background of color and design. His dress has the dashing picturesqueness suited to the wild and diverse pageantry of his life. He has painted graphic records of his exploits on tepees and totem poles and on tanned buffalo hides. Like well-chosen stage properties are his gaudily-striped blankets, quilled or beaded moccasins, bright-feathered war bonnets, fringed kilts and dangling fox-tails gracing the steps of ceremonial performers. Bold rhythms of line and color accent the intricate pageantry which his dramatic dancers weave. Symbolic paintings made on the ground with colored sand accompany rites of healing and represent traditional stage sets for important rituals.

The products, as well as the decorative designs, reflect the environment in which they developed. Pottery was naturally confined largely to the sedentary Pueblos of the Southwest, where it reached its highest aesthetic achievement. Much pottery was obviously out of the question for the prowling prairie tribes, because of its weight and fragility. It was heavy to carry and it would have been smashed up in the perpetual household movings, as the clans swept back and forth following the migrating buffalo which furnished them food, clothing and shelter. Rawhide bags, often elaborately painted, proved the most practical luggage.

Among the Pacific Coast tribes, baskets were essential to their daily life and basketry reached its highest development. The Pomo was cradled in a papoose basket and in it took his first journeys on his mother's back. His house was a large thatched basket. He ate from a flat basket tray, drank from a round basket bowl. His seeds for meal were ground in a mortar basket, his fish and meat were cooked in large, closely-woven baskets filled with water and heated with hot stones. He had baskets for catching fish, for winnowing and sifting meal, for carrying water. When he traveled, his belongings were carried in a large conical burden basket which he used for the same purposes that a white man uses a wagon or wheelbarrow. If he gardened, his fences were of wicker, and he trapped birds in long cylindrical baskets. The art of basketry applied to tules was even used in making canoes.

Material for baskets varied from desert yucca stalks to the split bark and roots, the fern, hemp and grasses of the Northwest forests. A basket covered with brilliant red and yellow feathers was a special type of gift basket made by the Northwest Indians. The feathers were woven in, one at a time, with infinite pains, and made to lie flat in one direction, giving a soft, velvety surface. Two-hundred and fifty black quail plumes decorate one of these elaborate feather baskets which was several years in the making. The feather baskets were used as wedding gifts or as favors for specially honored guests. In Mexico, this folored feather work was used to create magnificent robes, altar paintings and various decorations which have marvelous delicacy of shading and texture. Wide-brimmed rain hats of the Northwest were woven of twined basketry and decorated with totemic devices.

Beading of some of the Northern tribes provides brilliant examples of color used with boldness and delicacy. The beads were furnished by Europeans, but the work is strictly Indian, as are the remarkable blankets made from wool which the Spaniards introduced.

Superb grotesques cut free-hand in giant totem poles represent the vigorous carving of the clans of Alaska and British Columbia, where totemism was most popular. Here, too, are splendid examples of carving, with men and canoes cut in sharp relief from slate, forming black ceremonial plaques.

The arts and crafts of the Indian have been a source of income for him since he first traded his hand-work to Europeans for calico and colored beads. It is natural that he should excel in a native technique known to his race for centuries before Columbus, and that he should work at a disadvantage in fields which have been developed by white men. It is thus economically important that he be assisted in producing and in marketing his own wares. Among many tribes the old crafts have been abandoned and in others there is danger of their gradual disappearance. In an effort to save the red man's distinctive achievement, native Indian instructors are being employed to teach the old hand-work in some of the government schools. Indian children are producing some excellent work as a result of this instruction.

The possibilities of income from native arts and crafts are suggested by figures for the tribes inhabiting New Mexico and Arizona. The latest statistics are as follows: returns for the Apaches, $15,000; for the Pima-Papagoes, $18,000; for the Pueblos, $50,000; for the Navahos and Hopis, $1,000,000. With encouragement the returns from arts and crafts could be materially increased, while the income from stock-raising and agriculture in this arid region is not capable of much, if any, expansion.

Annual Indian fairs, held at Santa Fé and Gallup for several years, have done much to encourage Indian workers and to create markets for their best wares. The Pueblos carried home nearly $5,000 in sales and prizes from Santa Fé last year. It is hoped that the National Exposition will bring new markets and a fresh stimulus to the Indian exhibitors.

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PIONEERS OF THE PRESS

By EUPHEMIA VAN RENSSELAER WYATT

MAY IN Surrey. A tall farmer's lad, dressed in his best, is on his way to take a couple of lasses to Guildford Fair. As he reaches the turnpike, the mail-coach rattles down upon him bound for London. Suddenly he waves his hat; the brakes squeak. William Cobbett swings aboard. He has left the thatched cottages and the lassies far behind. When next he saw Surrey, the plowboy was a journalist.

Just as definitely had Benjamin Franklin sailed off from Boston some fifty years before, though with a little more preparation, for Benjamin was not impulsive. In many respects, however, their methods of attacking life were similar, although their conclusions were to be quite different. They had the same lively curiosity, the same indefatigable industry, the same thirst for improving themselves and their fellow beings. Both early determined to become masters of written English. The printer's apprentice sat up at night turning Addison into bad verse and back again; Cobbett, as a foot soldier, saved enough out of his sixpence a day to buy an English grammar and learnt it by heart. Franklin was sixteen when he began his journalistic career with the letters of Mrs. Dogood; at twenty-four, Cobbett as sergeant major was writing all the regimental reports for his illiterate adjutant and composed a parliamentary report for the royal commissioners. Both were self-made men and made by syntax!

On resigning from the army, Cobbett made an attempt to uncover single-handed the entire graft of the British military system. His knight errantry worsted, he beat a more nimble than noble retreat from England and spent some years in America. Franklin had been dead for three years when Cobbett landed in Philadelphia. The great American had two qualities which Cobbett always lacked—practicality and tact. Nor is there anything in Franklin's career—not even his proposal at eighty to the brilliant French widow with eighteen cats—quite so exuberantly juvenile as Cobbett's digging up of Tom Paine's bones and carrying them back to London in expiation of his unfairness to Paine's principles. Young Cobbett inherited the bones and found them a most unprofitable legacy. Besides some maize, which he called Cobbett's corn and a sample of a Franklin stove, Cobbett also brought back from America the picture of innumerable small and prosperous farmers and a country in which the proletariat class had not as yet developed. He incorporated these pictures and an attack on Pitt's financing in a newspaper, thus keeping an even stride with Franklin, who had also become an editor at thirty-five. Cobbett's *Porcupine,* however, failed within a year; not so the *Pennsylvania Gazette,* which had more judiciously mingled reform with gossip. But the demise of the *Porcupine* saw the birth of the *Political Register,* which appeared weekly for the next thirty-eight years, whether its editor was immured in jail or voyaging to New York or riding about England. Its tuppeny edition reached a circulation of 40,000 and was the origin of the popular press.

Being preëminently the prototype of the coming American, Franklin was urban. A pretty retreat, perhaps, such as Auteuil, for his older years, but he never wished to be farther from mankind than a suburb. But the soil was part of Cobbett. He hated London, liking it no better after his two years in Newgate, which he reached for protesting against the flogging of the militia by the German mercenaries who had come to garrison England. Spokesman for Republicanism, Franklin, who had mounted the social stairway with judicious tread, ended his life among the great personages of the Continent. Versailles beckoned him; dukes and savants, counts and princes, the papal nuncio, the King of Sweden, had found their way to Passy. It all meant nothing to Cobbett, the upholder of monarchy. He had been flattered as a young man to dine with Mr. Pitt and Canning, but his last sixteen years he spent literally among the paupers. In his scarlet waistcoat, his face ruddy with the clean winds and fogs, jogging along unfrequented lanes, he made a survey of the counties in his rural rides. And sad to say, the poor, of whom nineteenth-century England had so many, were not only overflowing the tenements of London and Liverpool and Lancaster, but comprised most of the village population.

Cobbett had dreamed in America of writing a history, not of the kings and ministers, but of the people of England. The thought of it made more puzzling a phenomenon he kept remarking on his riding trips. Scattered through the countryside, still rose the spires of ancient churches whose vaulted naves could shelter some thousand persons, when the cluster of houses remaining about them contained but a bare hundred. What had become of the British yeomanry?

Village life had always been a distinguishing mark of England, but since the seventeenth century, communities had tended to become more isolated as the roads were usually impassable for wheeled vehicles from November until May. Once the monasteries had paid their tenants for keeping the highways in some state of repair, but in 1700 the squires were content to leave the ladies at home in winter or to let them ride pillion, as the drovers, with their cattle and poultry for the growing markets of London, kept the roadbeds so solvent in mud that even horsemen could only stumble precariously along the causeway of stones down the center. Each village had therefore become virtually self-supporting. In the cottages had been spun the wool which made famous mediaeval England; there the shuttles flew and the craftsmen made chairs and baskets and cobbled the shoes, while on the common grazed the village ducks and geese, the cows and horses. On the village green were celebrated the sports and dances, and on the open field, that knew neither hedge nor fence, the yeomen plowed their particular strips and planted their crops in the established rotation. It was community living on much the same basis as it still exists in Bavaria.

The Napoleonic wars first seriously upset the old order. Corn, corn, corn to feed the army, to feed hungry, battle-ridden Europe; and in order to get corn and more corn the open field was fenced about and more modern methods of agriculture began. But "enclosures," as they were called, though they made money for the squires, spelled ruin for the yeomen. Even if a small cash payment had been made him, his means of livelihood was gone. Gone too was the profit from his wife's hand loom which power machines had taken, and, trained for generations to live and die just where he was born, he was constrained to accept the starvation wage offered by the tenant farmer. So small was this wage that an honest laborer drudging twelve hours a day, every day in the week, could not earn enough to support his wife and children. Poor harvests finally brought a crisis. Famine was imminent. It was decided that a living wage was essential but instead of enforcing this, legislation from 1795-1834 substituted a dole; thus making every farmhand technically a pauper.

These were the conditions that bit into Cobbett's heart as he rode among the hedgerows and primroses, across the downs and through the spinneys. What manner of men had built those ivied churches? What was the state of society before the day of the marbled Queen Anne or Georgian manors or the squat

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chapels of the Methodists, when the mullioned priories had belonged to the monks instead of the peerage? In 1819 the first volume of Lingard's history was published. Cobbett found in it the answer to his question. He discarded the idea of a history of the English people and wrote instead a "History of the Reformation." He never did things by halves. Though he declares he was "born and bred a Protestant of the Church of England, having the remains of dearly beloved parents in a Protestant churchyard and trusting to filial piety to place his own by their side," he arrives at this conclusion: "That the thing called the Reformation was engendered in beastly lust, brought forth in hypocrisy, fed by plunder, devastation and rivers of English and Irish blood; its consequences are now before us in that misery, that beggary, that nakedness, that hunger, that everlasting wrangling and spite which the Reformation has given us in exchange for the ease and happiness and harmony and Christian charity enjoyed for so many ages by our Catholic forefathers."

After a highly colored picture of the iniquities of the king and Cranmer, Cobbett cites an act of Edward III to prove that the "popery man," protected by his guilds and the Church earned more a day with his wage of fourpence ($.64 in our money) than the nineteenth-century farmhand with his four shillings ($.24). A fat goose in the fifteenth century could be bought for twopence ha'penny ($.42), and a pair of shoes for fourpence ($.64), while the English yeomen, in the days of the Black Prince, had his ale and beef daily. But in 1825, the magistrates of Norfolk allowed but threepence ($.02) as daily dole to a laborer, which could not give him much of even the potatoes and water which was his recognized diet. Cobbett also published a list of the institutions confiscated, which demonstrates better than any words the amount of money diverted to the crown and the economic upheaval that ensued. One realizes why "sturdy beggars" became one of the features of the sixteenth century when one is reminded that in ten years' time, 837 religious houses were seized, which meant not only the dispersal of the monks and monastic servants, their farmhands and dependents, but that the pensioners of their charity were suddenly left penniless; 130 colleges were also taken from their founders; 212 hospitals were closed and their inmates turned out to fend for themselves.

> "Hark, hark, the dogs do bark,
> The beggars are coming to town,"

was no light-hearted refrain when first it was hummed in the reign of Elizabeth, when vagrancy became such a menace that the Poor Rates were inaugurated. It had never occurred to Cobbett, nor, no doubt to many others, that formerly church tithes had gone not just for the parson and his family but for the parish poor. If his "Reformation" is more of a philippic than a history, it must be remembered that he was a pamphleteer who knew how to catch the people's ear by headline methods; nothing else could ever so effectively have reached the average workingman nor cleared away some of the traditional superstition and prejudice that clung to the Tory slogan of "No Popery." Forty thousand copies of the "History of the Reformation" were sold. It was republished in Ireland and America; translated into French and many other languages. For fifty years George III had kept the introduction of any bill for Catholic emancipation from Parliament. Cobbett himself had once been against it. But thanks to the change in public opinion, largely due to his book, Wellington and Peel, to ease the Irish situation in 1829, were able to get the bill passed that entitled Catholics to sit in Parliament.

It was for this representation of all taxpayers that English and American Whigs had fought on both sides of the Atlantic. Cobbett just lived to see the Reform Bill passed which created politically modern England; Franklin died just after he had succeeded in financing the struggle for the American republic. It is only geographically that the great liberals of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries are widely separated.

But in their theories of political economy, Franklin and Cobbett have a broad and interesting cleavage. Franklin was supremely the seer of the twentieth century. Consolidation was his shibboleth. Alert to the future, he foresaw the possibilities of big business. He conceived the first commercial college and planned a chain of printing shops. The Hutchinson scandal pricked his philosophic calm but not his honor. As Postmaster General he felt it his privilege to know something about the contents of his mail-bags. Morals were sound business, so were politics, and he always distributed good posts to his own family. His deity was nebulous but practical. He is the prophet for mass production and great industries.

Cobbett has been branded as reactionary. He spent his strength beating the wings of his invective against the commercializing of living. He lived through the industrial revolution. He saw the cottages crumble and the tenements rise. He saw the first infernal factories where men and women worked from half past five in the morning till half past eight in the evening; where children from eleven to thirteen were limited to a ten-hour day; where tots of eight were placed on high stools to toil from two in the afternoon till half past eight with no time off for supper. He fought the loss of individual liberties. His cry for the revival of village industries has found a far echo with Gandhi. Was Cobbett quite benighted? His case against a paper currency and inflated credits lacks the humor for us that it had for the Pittites. Before 1929 we could also find superior amusement in the small French craftsman and peasant farmer, but today France has less unemployment and more gold secure in her stockings than most of her neighbors. Cobbett decried the dole as dangerous social quackery. England's present fight against her slums and the movement for "garden cities" seems to resurrect the *Political Register*.

If in his theories Benjamin Franklin foreshadowed the twentieth century, will the twenty-first century bring us to the simpler, happier world of William Cobbett's dreams—a more Catholic world, in the most beautiful sense of the term?

Confidence

("Unto whomsoever much is given, of him much shall be required."—St. Luke, xii.)

If this be true, that there shall come a day
When He who lends me life and all delight
Shall ask His recompense—should not the sight
Of all these gifts that make such glad array
Cause me to cry in clamorous dismay:
"What shall I *render*?" "How shall I requite?"
Should I not wish bestowal were but slight,
That, having less, I might have less to pay?

Cold commerce that! How could I beg or buy,
Or bargain for the favors He lets fall?
I *love* Him! Therefore, let Him have His will!
And ever this shall be my eager cry:
In taking and in giving—always—*"All!"*
For, though He slay me I shall trust Him still!

S. C. N.

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ITALY'S YOUNGER WRITERS

By IGINO GIORDANI

THREE years ago, I wrote an article in THE COMMONWEAL dealing with the attempt made by the younger generation of Catholics in Italy to create a theatre of Christian inspiration. So far it is still only an attempt, and no Claudel nor even a Ghéon has arisen. Meanwhile, Prezzolini and Missiroli, as well as other minor critics, have asserted that Catholics in Italy are intellectually inferior: the former claimed that Catholic thought, with its dogmatic restrictions, is not open to further evolution, but its progress is barred by traditional fixed principles; the latter stressed the political and social conditions which had made the intellectual standard of Catholics, and chiefly the clergy, inferior to that of laymen and clergymen of other countries.

The reaction from the Catholic side was alive and strong; and it showed that a new generation was arising, chiefly among laymen, of scholars, artists, novelists, poets—people who entered the literary field determined to fight, to reconquer the primacy of thought in this Catholic country. They realized that the only reply to the humiliating criticism of those non-Catholic writers was to produce original works of Christian value.

The reaction spread all over the country, but especially in the chief centers of economic and intellectual forces in Italy: Milan, Florence, Rome, Bologna, Palermo.

Milan, with the Catholic University, promoted a victorious resistance to the dominating philosophical current of idealism, a system widely spread by Croce and Gentile with great success, Some of Gentile's followers abandoned him and accepted the neo-Thomistic philosophy taught by the Catholic University and the ecclesiastical schools. The university also encouraged the study of the social sciences from the Christian point of view, in that way combating the indifference of Catholics toward syndicalism.

Florence is the home of Giovanni Papini. In a recent referendum on the best 120 books issued in Italy in the last ten years, "The Life of Christ," by Papini was given second place, following the "Notturno" of D'Annunzio. This confirmed the leading position of Papini among his countrymen. And he is a fighting Catholic. His last book, "Gog," was a surprise to both Catholics and non-Catholics. Nobody had anticipated anything like this. Some critics hastened to state it showed a retro-conversion from Catholicism to paganism; somebody wrote that the Church had lost an apologist only superficially conquered, that the old Papini, demolisher, iconoclast and sceptic, had cast way the mask of the convert. But this was only the hope of anti-Catholic writers: the new book is in line with the critical writings of Papini, and the standard of his criticism is the moral and religious rule of Christianity. He judges and condemns modern thought and life from a Catholic point of view, even if he never mentions Catholicism. As a rule, he does not write for pious people but for non-believers, and attacks the narrow myths, prejudices and dogmas of the modern non-Christian world with tactics which may scandalize many a timid sheep of the fold accustomed to literature of a pietistic and gentler nature. "Gog" is written in the spirit of some of the writings of the early Fathers of the Church, which were stormy attacks that swept the ground in order to have it clean and ready for the sowing of the Word. A group of young people gathered around Papini in Florence issue a monthly literary paper, *Il Frontespizio* (The Title-page), which the name of Papini and the prose of other Tuscan writers assure a good place in the literary field.

At Bologna a valuable daily paper, *L'Avvenire d'Italia,* and several periodicals gather many good writers from all corners of the country. At Palmero is published a monthly called *La Tradizione,* which aims to arouse and stress the influence of the Catholic tradition, chiefly in philosophy.

While at Milan, Florence and Palmero these young writers are bound in homogeneous groups, in Rome they work isolated, unable to form a literary clique. This condition stresses the peculiar personality of each writer and gives a national, rather than a regional, tone to their ideas which are widely circulated in papers published in different cities.

Thus it is evident that there is a real blossoming of a new Catholic literature; and none of the writers are connected with any previous literary or artistic movement in Italy: they are not bound to the lineage of Manzoni or of Fogazzaro. The former is too remote historically from the present conditions in Italy; the latter is separated by the furrow of the World War, which divided the two generations so profoundly that sometime they seem to be unknown, if not hostile, to each other. Furthermore, Fogazzaro, as a novelist, flirted with the modernistic movement: these young men on the contrary have nothing in common with modernism, which is beyond the recollection of the young generation.

For two years there has been published a "Ragguaglio," a detailed account of the cultural and literary activity of Italian Catholics. This year the preface has been written by Papini, who tried to define the idea of the Catholic writer. "Catholic writers," he says, "must be the lay and voluntary missionaries in a Christian land: they have to reacquire the spirit of conquest, by which in past centuries the Kingdom of the Church was spread throughout the world. . . . They must address themselves chiefly to people outside the Church, to show the true light to those satisfied with occultism, idealism or scepticism. . . . Since the seventeenth century we Catholics have become timid; we have kept too much to ourselves, separated from living currents of literature and art—and perhaps also philosophy. . . ." (This last assertion has been denied by the Jesuits of the review, *La Civiltà Cattolica.*) Thus Papini expresed on many points what others felt.

The same "Ragguaglio," however, gave an impressive list of works that had been done in the field of studies and art, thus showing definite action on the part of young Catholics; this was a welcome surprise for many. I do not think names and titles are of interest to American readers. The fact is important; and the movement will grow more and more in the future. So far no great writer has appeared. But this is true not only of Catholic, but of all Italian, literature. It seems to be a period of preparation: certainly a great group of young writers are arising. In art, there is a promising awakening: exhibitions have been successfully held in many cities; and notable among musicians are Perosi and Refice, two priests.

Another noteworthy document of this activity, that is still too tumultuous to be artistically serene, is an anthology of living Catholic Italian writers, issued in Florence; forty authors are represented in it. When it was published a few months ago it aroused a storm of discussion among literary Catholic laymen in Italy. Some found too many names; others found too few; some names included were surprising, as for instance, Gemma Galgani, a girl who wrote pages of fascinating, but somewhat criticized, mysticism. Meanwhile in Sicily, an anthology of modern Catholic poetry is being issued.

Toward all this activity, non-Catholics assume an attitude of indifference, at times akin to hostility; this is a heritage of anti-clericalism. But even this antagonism must be conquered.

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THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Mourning Becomes Electra

EUGENE O'NEILL has at last written a straightforward tragedy of major proportions. For reasons which I shall try to explain later on, it would be lacking in a true sense of proportion to call it a "great" tragedy—in spite of the fact that many of its passages are infused with the true greatness of the tragic spirit, and in spite of the further fact that in structure, in sequence and in rhythm, the three plays composing the trilogy, "Mourning Becomes Electra," contain, by all odds, the finest dramatic writing of O'Neill's career.

As to the general character of this ambitious trilogy, it is already widely understood that O'Neill has made the deliberate experiment of transposing the basic legend of several of the most important Greek tragedies into the atmosphere and period of New England immediately after the Civil War. One can see clearly that O'Neill has felt, in the perfect outer form and inner emotional turmoil of New England, the modern counterpart of ancient Greece. Essentially, however, he is not writing a tragedy of New England, but a tragedy of universal proportions expressing one of the oldest psychological problems of the tragic spirit, and merely using terms and circumstances sufficiently close to the present day to give it an immediate and understandable quality for modern audiences.

"Mourning Becomes Electra" is a restatement for our own century of the story of the house of Atreus, of the murder of Agamemnon by his wife, Clytemnestra, of the vengeance wreaked upon her by Agamemnon's children, Electra and Orestes, and of their further pursuit by the Furies for having committed the sin of matricide. The core of Greek tragedy obviously lay in just such conflicts of obligation. Electra and Orestes were caught between the obligation to avenge their father's murder and the unspeakable horror of being forced, as part of that vengeance, to kill their own mother, thus piling crime upon crime through generations. The Greeks, always highly objective in their expression of such problems, made their tragic characters chiefly the victims of fate. Revenge was ordered by a god. But, in executing that revenge, another god was offended, and demanded in turn further punishment for the new crime.

O'Neill now restates this classic tragic dilemma, but in a spirit which is far removed from Greek objectivity. He summons up, instead of fate and factious gods, those mysterious inner impulses of the neurotic mind which modern psychologists have attempted to chart and label under the names of various "complexes." He summons them in terms of a mother's jealousy of her own daughter, of a son's jealousy of his father, and of a daughter's unconscious desire to occupy in the household the triple mental rôle of wife, mother and sister.

In all fairness to modern psychologists, it should be said that these explanations of tragic motives represent merely one school of thought, and a rather extreme and partly discredited one at that. When a young man shows signs of moral weakness, for example, and is unable to face the independent responsibilities of manhood, the more advanced psychologists are content to say that he is regressing to a childish attitude and to a time when all decisions were made for him and when any rebuffs of the world could soon be forgotten at a mother's knee. Such a man might easily prefer for a wife the maternal type of woman who mothers him in difficulties, to a more independent type who forces him to face responsibilities squarely. He might also resent a domineering father who tried to drive him from his mother's apron strings. All these weaknesses and hidden resentments might easily result in a neurotic state of mind, in violent excesses of rage and remorse and in a perpetual inner conflict leading to a tragic outcome. The other and older school of psychologists would attribute the same neurotic symptoms to the young man's unadmitted and abnormal attachment to his own mother and to a definite jealousy of his own father. O'Neill uses the explanations of this latter school to describe the motives for his tragedy. Every one of his main characters is tied to a definite incestuous desire. This is more than evident at each successive stage of the trilogy, even though O'Neill carefully avoids using any of the modern psychological jargon.

Electra (Lavinia Mannon in the play) is doubly moved to avenge her father's death by the fact of her jealousy of her mother in relation to two men, her dead father and her mother's lover, who is also a cousin of her father, with many of her father's personal traits. Again, Orestes (Orin Mannon in the play) seeks in Electra (Lavinia) a substitute for the morbid love of his dead mother, and then, in the horror of his discovery, commits suicide. A dozen such deep and sinister currents of perverted emotion fill the course of the play, logically enough if you once accept the premise of O'Neill's school of mental analysis, but without any of the subtler modifying influences which a broader and less heavily sexualized interpretation would bring.

O'Neill departs still further from the Greek tradition and feeling in quailing before the possibility of matricide. Lavinia and Orin are content to avenge their father's death by killing their mother's lover. Nevertheless, when the shock of his death leads their mother to commit suicide, Orin feels as guilty as if he had killed her. Lavinia does not share this sense of guilt. But when Orin, too, kills himself, then, at last, Lavinia shuts herself up in the house of tragic memories, to expiate through years of silent though proud seclusion, the sins of her family. Symbolically, at least, O'Neill has chosen to end with the theme of the outcast and blind Oedipus, Lavina shutting out the sight of the world and living in it no more.

Essentially, then, "Mourning Becomes Electra" is not a Greek tragedy except in the bare outlines of the plot. Even the plot avoids the Greek culmination of matricide. The play is utterly modern (though hardly up to date) in its analysis of motives, and as far removed from the Greek spirit as Freud from Aristotle. What we have is a deeply involved story of abnormal desires transmitting themselves bit by bit into a chain of tragic and terrible consequences, into an overwhelming sense of guilt for each character in turn and at last into the lonely expiation and pride of Lavinia—a pride which lets her say "I ask forgiveness of no one. I forgive myself!" In the very height and stature of this pride we fail to discover the rumor of resurrection which alone could lend the note of great lyric tragedy to this dark story. The trilogy is written with restrained intensity, with superb emotional power and with tremendous climactic pace. It holds both emotions and interest with unrelenting firmness. It is a work of greatness in playwriting but it fails to emerge as a great tragedy. It is limited by the proud self-pity of its ending and by that symbolic blindness which does not presage resurrection from the house of the dead.

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The Theatre Guild has given a production of extraordinary beauty and austerity to this group of three plays. In selecting Robert Edmond Jones to create the settings, and Alice Brady, Alla Nazimova, Earl Larimore and Thomas Chalmers for the leading parts, the Guild has shown rare aptitude in putting together exactly the qualities of artistry needed to bring the utmost of beauty and distinction from the sinister material of the plays themselves. No matter what one may think of the play material, there can be no question that, as the Guild has mounted it, it becomes one of the most distinguished exhibits we have had in many years of the power of the theatre to create and sustain illusion. The three plays of the trilogy are given in one day, the first play in the afternoon and the second and third in the evening. It might be added, at this point, that O'Neill has abandoned for the purposes of this trilogy the entire bag of theatrical tricks with which he has distorted so many of his plays. There are none of the asides of "Strange Interlude," and there are no masks. In consequence, every moment is used to advance the dramatic action without the impediment of theatrical padding. The plays run through swiftly and directly in the writing as well as in the production.

Philip Moeller has directed this trilogy with consummate artistry and finely disciplined restraint. It is easily the best work of his career. The stage settings by Robert Edmond Jones catch the spirit of the plays with extraordinary fidelity. The stage curtain shows the Greek-Colonial façade of the gloomy house of Mannon and shows, more strikingly than any words could possibly explain, what is in O'Neill's mind—namely, the sense of identity between the spirit of New England and the spirit of Greece. Both the interior and the exterior scenes of the house itself, and the scene of a clipper ship at its dock in Boston, are typical expressions of Mr. Jones's finest artistry, that is, his ability to combine realism with an overpowering atmosphere of universal suggestion.

But it is the acting cast, after all, which deserves the maximum amount of praise for its complete mastery of one of the most difficult tasks ever assigned to a group of actors. The Lavinia of Alice Brady is one of the truly astonishing figures of the modern theatre. The way in which she manages to convey a torrent of interior emotions through an exterior of calm austerity is an achievement almost without parallel. The part of the mother, as played by Alla Nazimova, is also a performance of unquestioned greatness. Her sea-captain lover is played by Thomas Chalmers with downrightness and clear understanding, and Earl Larimore brings to the part of the weakling, Orin, the full terror of growing insanity.

In general, it is still true that O'Neill exhibits through this trilogy the picture of volcanic emotions violently at war with his intellect. These emotions, which might become his greatest creative gift, still lack utterly the disciplined direction of an informed will. Certainly it is the character of Lavinia who seems to be the creative artist in O'Neill, just as it is the distracted Orin who represents his lack of intellectual stability. There is no question that O'Neill is a true artist, and with true artists it is never possible to separate completely the artist from his work. There is still nothing to indicate that O'Neill, as an artist, has yet achieved that self-mastery which, if once united with his creative power, might easily make him one of the great playwrights of all time. There is too much in this "Electra" trilogy to recall the futile search and the ultimate tragedy of "Dynamo," and yet—if Lavinia, as a symbol of O'Neill's power, should ever emerge from her darkened house of the dead, we would unquestionably witness something of astonishing beauty. (At the Guild Theatre.)

COMMUNICATIONS

MY APOLOGIES TO SAINT JOHN

Louisville, Ky.

TO the Editor: For her own sake and that of the readers of her very brilliant article, "My Apologies to Saint John," may I be permitted to give Mrs. Homan a little of the explanation she is waiting to ask of that saint when she meets him—my copy of the New Testament being furnished with notes that supply it.

First, with reference to the matter of Saint Peter's denial and Saint John's omission of the detail about his going out and weeping bitterly, the note on Saint John's Gospel states that it was written after the other three—some thirty years and more later—and was intended to supply the omissions in the others. Saint Jerome tells that it was written at the request of the brethren and that the beloved disciple consented to do it only on condition that all should join in prayer and in a common fast to ask God's aid on the work, and that, this season of prayer being concluded, he broke forth into the sublime "In the beginning was the Word. . . ." If you will note therefore, not only does he omit mention of the weeping, but his account of the denial is briefer than the others—just sufficient to make the story hang together right.

This applies also to the fact that the only authority in the Gospels that we have for the term "the beloved disciple" is Saint John's own. Why the others did not mention it I do not know, but not only can we be sure that at the time he wrote his Gospel, he took no pride in the fact that the Master was so good as to love him, but it is very probable that he felt none at the time he was actually resting his head on His breast. For just as it is true that nothing defiled can enter heaven, so it must be true that no one can be an intimate, sympathetic, familiar friend of the Master and be tainted greatly in any way, for what is heaven, but the possession of the friendship of the Master and association with Him?

The added fact recorded, that Peter, though just on the other side of Our Lord, I believe, and just as close to Him, made a sign to John to ask who would betray Him, is evidence that it was understood that John was the most beloved of that band of chosen ones.

As part of His passion, He could permit even Judas to submit Him to the indignity of kissing Him, but at their farewell love feast, it was John's prerogative to be near Him.

This same fact that John's Gospel was supplementary, accounts for his failure to mention any of his youthful failures in virtue, which he was not interested in explaining away, even though he could.

As to the possibility of James and John being glad to get away from their net-mending, really there is just as much authority for that as for supposing that Peter was hen-pecked—that is, none. Further, if you will ask any religious superior about it, I think he or she will corroborate my statement that a naturally disgruntled person, who cannot stand the ordinary difficulties and responsibilities of every-day life, is not a fit one to be called to bear the greater responsibilities of a religious vocation. And that is what Our Lord called them to, when He called James and John from their nets and Peter from his. The fact that they were with their father when called, and that later their mother was found in the train of which they formed a part, aside from the fact that John wrote the Gospel of Charity and that James wrote the Epistle on Charity would seem to indicate that theirs was a truly loving and united family.

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Little, mean, narrow, cold people sometimes go all through life without doing anything startlingly bad, but only those with hearts warmed with God's love, can keep clean and yet stand beside the fallen, as John did beneath the cross, when he stood not only beside Mary, the Mother of the Lord, who was there given into his custody, but also beside Mary, the public sinner. So I know that he will not treasure a grudge against anyone for such a little thing as having difficulties in understanding him, especially when one takes the trouble to ask him about them.

ANASTASIA M. LAWLER.

St. Paul, Minn.

TO the Editor: Ever since the day I enjoyed the piquant charm of Helen Walker Homan's "I Love Saint Peter," which graced an issue of THE COMMONWEAL some time ago, I have waited expectantly for further refreshment from Mrs. Homan's sympathetic pen.

I wondered then how anyone not blessed with a real sense of humor, particularly someone outside the fold of the Church, someone not touched by her inherent humanism, would react to such treatment of a sacred subject. Today, after rereading for the third or fourth time "My Apologies to Saint John," and relishing every poignant and sympathetic phrase it contains, I wondered again: Would such an unfortunate person cry "Blasphemy"? My curiosity being aroused, I offered THE COMMONWEAL to a learned gentleman of advanced years, who enjoys a background of Puritan culture, and asked him to read this charming sketch on Saint John. I believe my friend read the article carefully and, judging from his comments, more or less painfully. While he admitted that the author was "quite a humorist," he was of the opinion that she was "making fun of John and the Gospel story"! Imagine confusing love and sympathy with ridicule! I, of course, hastened to assure him that such was far from the case.

As for myself, my love and appreciation for both Peter and John have grown immeasurably. Let us have more of these intimate and refreshing treatises on the apostles—each one, in my opinion, an edifying prayer, far removed from any thought of blasphemy and ridicule.

E. J. SCHMID.

RETURNING TO REALITY

Pittsburgh, Pa.

TO the Editor: In your issue of October 21 appears an article by Mr. George K. McCabe entitled "Returning to Reality." Let me congratulate you upon your courage in publishing this article, for I well realize that there may be many who will disagree with the views expressed by Mr. McCabe, and it is apparent from the footnote which you published in connection with this article that you do not wish to be committed to the views expressed.

Personally, I am in hearty accord with what Mr. McCabe says. In fact, I would go further, and point out that not only are prices to be reduced, but that as a necessary corollary the money rate of wages must be reduced. With reducing prices there is no hardship in reducing the money rate paid to wage-earners and those enjoying salaries, because what people are interested in is their "real" wages or salaries and not the money rate which is paid.

The reason why prices and wages must be reduced is because credit has to such a large extent disappeared as a result of the world-wide economic depression, and the business world must accommodate itself to the fact that use of credit has been so materially reduced.

Our business machine has become very complicated. To its smooth operation money and credit are very important. The production of gold has not kept pace with the world's needs, and the situation has been tremendously aggravated by the rapid decline in the use of credit as we entered upon the business depression.

We have in this country all the necessary factors for the well-being of our population, but we cannot even hope to be prosperous unless our industrial processes continue to function. They cease functioning in a time of depression, not because of a lack of the essentials for the carrying on of industry, but because the various factors become out of adjustment and are not properly inter-related to meet the new conditions which arise during a period of depression, the principal one of which is the speedy flight of credit.

In many ways the workingmen of the nation are more sound in their thinking than the leaders of industry. The workingmen realize that the necessary readjustment must be made, and it is the business men during the present depression who have principally failed to measure up to their responsibilities—not that any one man or any small group of business men is responsible.

We have heard too much of buying campaigns, maintenance of wage scales, reducing hours and days of employment, and it is time that somebody should be bold enough to point out what must really be done if we are to find our way out of the business depression which has unhappily come upon us as well as on the rest of the world.

The formula which has proven successful in the past is: reduction in prices, followed by lower wages and salaries, hard work, and economy. There is no reason to believe that we will get out of the present depression by pursuing any other course.

Other things are helpful, such as a large program of public works, facilities to make practicable the expansion of bank credit, the creation of a more optimistic spirit which will create more credit between the manufacturers, the distributors and the retailers, but which will come only if the people believe that appropriate action is being taken.

However, these things are not in themselves sufficient. The essential program is the pursuit of the formula tried and proven by experience.

JOSEPH A. BECK.

AN INDICTMENT

St. Louis, Mo.

TO the Editor: I am sure that you and your readers are praying that the Pastor McCarthy controversy may be brought to a speedy end. A lady from South Dakota has found in the undersigned "a deal of the stuff that the unspeakable Communist is made of. . . . The Bolshevik too belongs to that 'larger and saner part of mankind' cited by Father Wilbur, those who feel that 'enactments and enforcements' which they believe to be all wrong are 'morally invalid.'"

Alas, the lady has missed the point. I should not dare to violate a law simply because I thought it "all wrong." But, and this is worlds away, I should voluminously, joyously and maliciously violate any law which I thought transgressed flagrantly a *natural right* of mine. It is Clara Exline Bockoven who is of the stuff that Communists are made of. She it

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is who thinks that the community (Sacred Cow) may through its government do what it pleases (i.e., whatever the majority votes for) and that the individual has no moral alternative whatever but tamely to submit even when human laws gravely transgress inalienable natural rights. She it is who denies the very existence of natural rights in individuals and in associations.

If all Catholics were like her and like your correspondent, James T. Vocelle of Vero Beach, Florida, the Herbert Hoover-Bishop Cannon majority in the United States would get away easily with all sorts of persecutory anti-Catholic legislation and finally, doubtless, proscribe the Catholic religion altogether; while Clara Exline Bockoven and James T. Vocelle would give up going to the governmentally-forbidden Mass and give up frequenting the governmentally-forbidden sacraments and give up having the governmentally-forbidden number of children, hoping the while that they might, hat in hand, persuade Herbert Hoover and Bishop Cannon ("Catholic Viewpoint," "Protestant Viewpoint," "Deeply Respect Your Opinions") to change the election returns.

Another communication to THE COMMONWEAL is from my delightful and much esteemed friend, Colonel Callahan, who writes as follows: "I certainly do not subscribe to what Father Wilbur has to say as to what governments can do and what they cannot do, and as we had prohibition for over seventy-five years and had it in 75 percent of our territory, before the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment, it is a rather late day to discuss its legality and especially after the Supreme Court, through our co-religionist, Chief Justice White, has expressed its opinion on the subject."

It is too characteristic of Colonel Callahan, and gives us a long and deep look into the recesses of his mind, that, in the sentence just quoted, he confuses the conventional legality of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act as parts of the law of the United States (which I had not for one moment disputed) with what one may call their *ethicality,* which in common with the great majority of American Roman Catholics I impugn.

Nor is one without good American precedent of an analogous character in so doing. A certain Abraham Lincoln continued to discuss and to impugn the authentic legality of the Fugitive Slave Law even "after the Supreme Court, through our co-religionist," Chief Justice Taney, had "expressed its opinion on the subject"!

I repeat: Any human law which attempts to forbid men to exercise a natural right, or to make it very difficult for them to do so, is contrary to the Divine, eternal and natural law and is consequently, in the grand language of Thomas Aquinas, no true law but "a species of violence."

But the right to use alcoholic liquors as a beverage is a natural right and not all the Roman Catholic Chief Justices of the United States, past and future, nor all the government's horses nor all the government's men, can ever make ethically authentic a law which attempts to make impossible or very difficult the exercise of this natural right.

What will Colonel Callahan say if, as may very well happen within the next generation, the law-making power of the United States forbids married couples to have more than two children apiece and the reigning Chief Justice (who may well enough be a co-religionist of Colonel Callahan and myself), together with a majority of the Supreme Court, declares the law valid?

REV. RUSSELL WILBUR.

Discussion on this subject is now ended.—The Editors.

BOOKS

An Egotist in Russia

I Went to Russia, by Liam O'Flaherty. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

AS LIAM O'FLAHERTY himself tells the story, the first thing he did when he went on board the Soviet ship which took him to Russia was to get drunk on brandy. But remembering in time that this was his "first contact with the greatest force in modern history, the Russian Revolution," he piously pitched his bottle overboard, "sobered with an effort," and said to himself—well, what he said fills some three hundred pages, mostly about himself. The title of his egologue is well chosen. Liam O'Flaherty's "I" comes first and foremost, and Russia last and least. The drinking bout which begins the book, and the reactions which followed the jag, not only symbolize but really define the sort of book it is. It is a product of intoxication; not merely of the brandy, or of the vodka that came later on, but the intoxication of egotism. Liam O'Flaherty is one of that singular group of contemporary Irish writers, of whom James Joyce is the best known, who are the artists or at least the propagandists of moral and spiritual anarchy. They seek to make literature out of their impressions and moods and ideas, with their own egos as the center of interest. O'Flaherty writes well, at times brilliantly; his style being now excellently lucid, and then muzzy and almost incoherent; just like the talk of a drinking man, saying everything that comes into his head after many wild adventures on a prolonged spree.

Since O'Flaherty's adventures, in this book, take place in the fantastic world of Bolshevism, whether on the Red ship that took him to Russia, or in Leningrad or Moscow later on, the nightmarish quality of his writing has appropriate material to deal with. This excited, swaggering, shell-shocked, highly sensitive individualist is in a state of angry rebellion against the Catholic Church, and Western civilization. He is eager to have both destroyed. He enters the new world of anti-God, and slave culture, hailing and praising it for its war on Christianity and Western order, but cursing it because it swallows up individuals in a mechanized mass. He finds it to be a new religion, and he would like to give himself up to it and find peace for his tortured soul and torn nerves; but he cannot do so. But he does give a picture of the grey and sordid hell upon earth that is Russia today which tells more of the miserable truth of Bolshevism than any other book I have ever read.

It is truth told by a writer whose own books (up to this one) are so popular in Russia that the Bureau of Revolutionary Writers, organized by the Communist party "for the purpose of demoralizing capitalism and encouraging the working class of the world to make war on their oppressors," paid him a lot of money on royalties due him, after he had given a written pledge, "received with deafening applause," that "should capitalist Europe declare war on the Soviet Union, I'll make war on capitalist Europe with every means in my power." To be sure, Mr. O'Flaherty tells us, "upon his honor," that he has no intention whatsoever of taking part in any war, so his written promise was given simply to get hold of the money he needed in Moscow: "I wrote, God forgive me, having no intention of ever again firing a shot at anybody but my creditors." But he did not tell the Communists that until now. They won't see the humor of it, if what Mr. O'Flaherty says is true, because they have no humor; but that is no reason why the rest of the world should not enjoy the joke at their expense.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

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Eighteenth Century

Humanism and Science, by Cassius Jackson Keyser. New York: Columbia University Press. $3.00.

THIS book is interesting both in its content and in the attitude of the author, who is professor of mathematics at Columbia. This attitude is thoroughly eighteenth century, and it is surprising to find that it should exist today in its purity. It is characterized by a conviction of the self-sufficiency of man, an almost naive trust in science and a strong distaste for any supernatural religion; all of which might be imputed to childhood contacts with a theology of which the author gives the following examples: "All human beings are born totally depraved. Faith is essential to salvation but reason is not."

The author agrees in the second chapter to the definition of humanism given by Mr. Walter Lippmann: "Humanism signifies the intention of men to concern themselves with the discovery of a good life on this planet by the use of human faculties." Personally I think that this is a much wider scope then was intended by the present American representatives of this movement, for whom it was essential to give a concrete picture as to how this was to be done.

Accordingly, Mr. Keyser combats in his first chapter a number of "pseudo-humanists," Potter, Samson, but especially the "strict variety" represented in "Humanism and America," a volume to which Professor Babbitt is one of the chief contributors. In this volume the humanist is represented as a cultivated gentleman with not too much specialization, and Keyser objects that with this definition a number of the greatest promotors of human thought would be excluded. However it seems to me that later on (page 280) the author gives a description of humanistic education which is not very far removed from Babbitt's ideal.

The next three chapters concern themselves with the relation of humanism to science and mathematics. The former is defined as the enterprise having for its aim to answer questions relating to the actual world, the latter as aiming to answer questions about the possible, that is to say, about relations between concepts. In mathematics is here included formal logic. The considerations which the author suggests here are quite interesting, although the ignorance concerning them about which he complains is perhaps not so great, at least among theoretical physicists who have read Poincaré, as he seems to think.

Then scientific research in itself is treated as the soul of humanism, being the search for truth. Here the author writes almost a panegyric similar to Saint Paul's words about charity. He then treats the practical results of science respecting man's attempt "to lead a good life." The chapter closes with the "despair" created in some people by the insignificance to which physical science has reduced the local and temporal extension of mankind in the universe. The author appeals rightly to the dignity of man, but he never defines this term, and, I am afraid that he would have some difficulty in doing so from his standpoint.

In the last chapter, on the humanistic bearings of mathematics, the author says: "Every major concern among the intellectual concerns of man is a concern of mathematics." As he identifies mathematics and logic, this statement cannot be doubted. The chapter contains a quite interesting discussion on the newer development of mathematical logic, a subject which unfortunately has been completely neglected by Catholic philosophers. He proceeds to show the importance of logic for ethical and legal doctrines, a treatment that seems self-evident for anyone familiar with Catholic procedure.

The author's attempt to bring jurisprudence under his definition, by defining legal science as the science ascertaining the actual behavior of judges, seems to indicate that the division of all knowledge into science and mathematics in the way of the author is not complete. If his definition were correct, we could as well define mathematics as the science of the actual behavior of mathematicians, while we ought to call this the psychology of mathematicians or the history of mathematics and separate it from mathematical doctrine.

KARL F. HERZFELD.

Futility

Gog, by Giovanni Papini; translated by Mary Prichard Agnetti. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

SO ALL-EMBRACING are the things which Mr. Papini attacks in this madly-satirical collection of short articles that the reader, bewildered, inevitably questions what can possibly be the author's reconstructive basis after such an orgy of destruction. And because he has not definitely explained the attitude from which his satire proceeds, a great proportion of the potential strength of his book is not realized. It is true that the last pages furnish a possible clue, but this is improperly stressed if it is to be considered as an index. For here Gog, a fabulous creature of wealth and intense curiosity, after wandering the earth in a frenzied search for novelty and satisfaction of dimly comprehended desires in his own nature, finds that a piece of black bread offered him in charity by a peasant child is the richest and most delicious fare he has ever tasted. He asks but does not answer: "Can this be man's true food? Can this be the true life?" And it is on this note of inquiry that Papini concludes.

However, there is no mistaking his employment of the reductio ad absurdum for his purpose. It is a good weapon which he wields more expertly in that many of his most devastating attacks are the subtle results of the strange juxtaposition of men and ideas. Thus Gog's interview with Henry Ford follows an exposition of "the music of silence," and precedes a discussion on magicians. In the first, the musician has carried his revolt against accepted form so far that he cannot permit sound; in the second, Gog's circus of miracle men is long on promise but entirely unproductive. Henry Ford is made to say, in language curiously similar to these, that his highest ideal is "to manufacture without a single workman an ever-increasing number of articles that cost hardly anything at all." And throughout, such of the world's celebrities as Einstein, Freud, Wells, Lenin, Edison and Shaw are made to stand shoulder to shoulder with the most obvious of charlatans.

Yet it is against the stronghold of what Hilaire Belloc calls "the modern scientific spirit" that Mr. Papini hurls his most deadly shafts. The foibles of our universities, the radicals in arts and letters, the esoteric in religious fads, the national and international politician, the pseudo-philosophies, all pass in fantastic review as so many victims chanting "Morituri te salutamus." They fall ingloriously and Mr. Papini's triumphant voice can be heard loud above the reverberations of his blows. But Gog, who may be taken as a personification of Mr. Papini, fights actually against a sense of futility. He becomes increasingly cynical and weary and even his espousal of the life of a "poor man, a tramp, a fugitive," takes on the temporariness of a half-hearted experiment. Here then comes the intimation that only at the end of the path of Faith can the earthbound find ultimate peace.

JOHN GILLAND BRUNINI.

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Stanch and Tried

My United States, by Frederic J. Stimson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

IN THE eighties there was a group of haughty and self-conscious Republicans who called themselves "the Stalwarts." Here we have a truly Stalwart Democrat, of those old patricians who founded American Democracy. His memories cover the period during which all our great changes crystallized and "every cause we stood for has been lost," but he concludes his book: "In the destruction of the states, of local government, in the federal encroachment upon our Bill of Rights, in the high tariff and the federal direct tax, in the rejection of the League of Nations, if I am not right, my United States is!"

Perhaps it is not because he and others like him are not right, but because both parties have lost any well-defined link with American tradition, that all our politics are so cloudy. Still, that is only one of the many thoughts evoked by this book and discussion of it does not belong in a limited review. What certainly does belong in this review, however, is that this book should be included as compulsory reading in college courses of American history. Not only does Mr. Stimson belong to that fine breed known in the ports of the world as "the Boston Men," before the word "American" meant anything; he belongs to the finer portion of that breed, broadened and mellowed on "the Frontier," in Europe, in South America.

He speaks of "100-percent Americans," but shows that he includes in that term what it should include: all those who understand and practise American ideals. His portrait of his friend John Boyle O'Reilly, "Irish poet and American patriot," is illuminating in that regard, and wholly charming: "The liberal spirit, the quick mind coupled with the warm heart, that was the first (one sometimes fears, the last) to bring the Puritan Yankee into sympathy with the Irish Catholic."

This is not merely a sketch of persons, nor remiscences of dead and gone events. It is a living thing, showing the beginnings of men and conditions present in this day, in politics, in business; the change in American society; the reasons for decline in leadership, the corrupt period of piratical railroad wrecking, of buccaneering big business which gave Wall Street the sinister connotation from which it is only just emerging. All these things are there, not from hearsay, but from personal experience.

A separate book (though it belongs here as an integral part of a ripe life) might have been made of his later years, as ambassador in South America—which, though he was ideally fitted to represent the best interests of the two continents, ended in disappointment, as American diplomacy too often does to those who take it as a serious public charge.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

All-American Coach

The Autobiography of Knute K. Rockne; edited by Bonnie Skiles Rockne; with introduction and postscript by Father John Cavanaugh, C.S.C. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.

ONLY a character of extraordinary forcefulness could survive such acclaim and praise as was accorded Knute Rockne at the time of his sudden and dramatic death in an airplane in March, 1931. The fame of many a man, glorified at his passing, has soon faded out of memory. Yet there is evidence that Rockne's name and fame can survive nation-wide and international laudation, which at moments has achieved the dimen-

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NEXT WEEK

SILVER AGAIN, by Bernard W. Dempsey, anticipates a subject about which no doubt much will be heard in the forthcoming Congress, and which is already agitating the Mountain States. It gives a brief review of the history of silver, not only in the United States but also throughout the world, and with a balance of all the arguments for and against bi-metallism, arrives at conclusions which seem eminently sane and likely to be the ones which will determine events in the near future. . . . DOLLARS AND VOTES, by William C. Murphy, jr., recounts the story of the billions spent on presidential elections in the United States. With both major parties about to pass the tin cup with the likelihood that they will get back some buttons where before gleamed gold, Mr. Murphy's article is now especially timely. . . . BEFORE QUEBEC, by Katherine Brégy, poetess and a stylist, is a delightful sketch of a quaint French-Canadian village which is on the St. Lawrence on the way to the famous Quebec. At it, Basque and Viking fishermen used to stop in times immemorial. In 1535 Jacques Cartier landed there, and upon his ship anchored in the harbor was celebrated the first Mass in Canada. Many other memorable and brave incidents of history are associated with it, and Miss Brégy has captured the memories of them that persist in the place today. . . . HUNGARY TODAY AND TOMORROW, by Charles Cunningham, tells of his impressions on a recent sojourn in Hungary, the struggles of the people, and the probabilities of her future built on the courageous manner in which she has been able to surmount her difficulties in the past. . . . CHILDREN'S BOOKS to be found in the book-shops today, will be reviewed in this issue with a comprehensiveness that will make the review a valuable reference for prospective purchases for our friends, the young readers and listeners and picture-tearers.

sions of adulation. There must have been something in this man of great and singular force to withstand all this.

The book which Mrs. Rockne and Father Cavanaugh have edited gives one some inkling of what the quality of this man was. The book is, primarily, Rockne's own book. In it he himself speaks and utters himself, though the utterance is cut short by the tragic accident of death. Framed, however, in the pages of Mrs. Rockne's editorial note and Father Cavanaugh's introduction and postscript, the story of Rockne's life, told by his own vigorous, honest and racily humorous pen, is a completed narrative. It is, one feels safe in predicting, a story which will live a long, long time in the annals of American life.

There are a number of reasons for Rockne's story to live, to take its place among important American autobiographies. It is well written, it is entertaining, it is dramatic and moving. But the chief of these reasons, it seems to me, is that this story is in its substance and totality the story of America iself. All the essential things that go into the make-up of America are here: new frontiers, new freedoms, the immigrant, the competitive democracy of the sand-lot and the hard job, the free field of education, the achievements of wit and muscle against the challenge of success; and still more, the ideal of quick keen living, at once wholesome and vital yet rebellious of contraint, eager with a driving force that breaks away from the stereotyped, pioneers, invents, adventures, dares. It is because every one of these things was exemplified in Rockne's life with emphasis and vividness and even a certain dramatic exaggeration, that his story is significant. Rockne may be taken as a typical figure of American manhood, and it is because of this he lives. The vibrations of his being were not only profoundly stirring in life, but they are lasting.

Apart from Rockne's own story, told with a commingling of boyish boldness and manly modesty, a humor and frankness that is salty and wise, this book has a beauty in it that is strangely winning. Its beauty lies in the tender reticence of Mrs. Rockne's pages which tell the story of Rockne's home life, and in the half-gay, half-wistful, always wise and often witty pages of Father Cavanaugh's introduction and postscript. Out of the book as a whole, with the warm after-glow of a very human and lovable spirit playing over its pages, emerges a living personality, a man far more than a famous football coach; a man far more, indeed, than the truly great leader and inspirer of youth that Rockne was. There comes, in fact, out of the pages of Rockne's book the vigorous and electrifying impact of one of the most interesting and commanding personalities that America has ever produced. His life is an inspiring legend for the youth and the manhood of America. The publication of the Rockne autobiography will not only help to perpetuate that legend, but will serve to ground it in the truth and fact which gives a legend its real significance.

CHARLES PHILLIPS.

Tempo

Alexanderplatz Berlin, by Alfred Döblin; translated by Eugene Jolas. New York: The Viking Press. $5.00.

FRANZ BIBERKOPF, a German private, returned from the war. Thus begins one of the most poignant, gruesome, filthy but withal inspiriting books ever written about a repatriated soldier. It is true that there is only a cursory mention of battles and field marshals throughout the two fat volumes which Dr. Döblin (he is a Berlin physician) has devoted to his hero. That merely renders the narrative more factual: veterans of Biberkopf's variety do not indulge in large quantities of bel-

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ligerent reminiscence, they are too busy for such things and life is far too hard, but experience has left its mark none the less. In the present instance, our hero was catapulted back into a frenzied Berlin.

He is none too decent a fellow. Even so, after a first debauch had led to a crime done in anger, Biberkopf determined to brace up, look the world and himself straight in the eye, and accept life as something endowed with significance. Thereupon life seems bent upon demonstrating its vapidity. To our hero's own way of thinking, the universe of cafés, gangs, prostitutes and cutthroats to which he belongs by reason of a fatal drift is organized to bring his good resolutions to a bad end. It takes him a long while to see through the matter, but he finally does. The process is drearily slow because Biberkopf himself is a veritable spiritual snail, who can make no progress against the "tempo" of Berlin. This horrible rhythm, which men as different in quality as Dr. Sonnenschein and Franz Herwig have sought to interpret, beats through Döblin's book like a flood, a challenge, the drumming of furious, devastating tom-toms, a corn-shredder. One remembers Newman's central picture—"Without God in the world."

Now it is a question whether a work of art can really be molded out of such material. Döblin, who is both a scientist and a poet, appears to have hit upon the only form in which the attempt is possible—if it be possible at all. Here we are not thinking of his adaptation of Joycean technique, regarding which difference of opinion is legitimate, but of the effort to tell these people's story in their own language. The queer degenerate street-German of the original has been transposed by Mr. Jolas, the translator, into "American" (which can hardly be termed a compliment on this side of the Atlantic), and it is therefore not likely that the reader of the English version can get an idea of how real a *tour de force* Döblin's diction is. To my mind the tale would have been magnificently told if the author could have refrained from projecting so much of himself into it. By way of asides he contributes short treatises on science, sport, philosophy and politics, which are interesting enough in themselves but veritable obstructions to the movement of this story. But Döblin is far too much of a German to manage to avoid self-indulgence in such a guise.

Possibly "Alexanderplatz" is a more interesting book to read about than to read. It is shocking, as only modern literature can be. Like certain sociological reports, or the chronicles of exorcism, it exists to wring from a reflective heart that sympathy which mirrors, faintly, the love by which the world was once redeemed. But not too many should think that they can give it.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

Work in Progress

Anna Livia Plurabelle, by James Joyce. London: Faber and Faber. 1/—

THE STATEMENT has been attributed to Mr. Joyce, regarding the "work in progress" of which this is a part, that he intends reconstructing the conscious, semi-conscious and sleeping states of the individual at night as he did the waking and the first sleeping processes in "Ulysses." "Anna Livia Plurabelle" infinitely extends what is known as the "stream of consciousness" method, the invention of which may be credited to Dorothy Richardson, in "Pilgrimage," but which Mr. Joyce thus makes his own.

The structure of this fragment seems almost completely esoteric. The form is entirely dependent upon associated ideas. Its manner is that of the wandering day-dream, in which the

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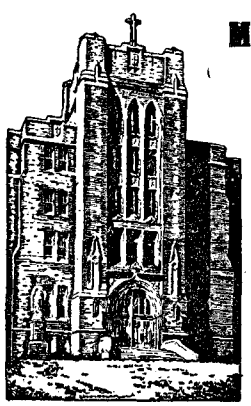
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symbols are so variously employed that it would seem impossible for them to have a precise value. The entire work seems motivated by the theory that the symbol's content is unique and personal to each individual. What objective validity the word has been conceded seems here denied.

Apart from this, "Anna Livia Plurabelle" is not without a sort of excitement. The pleasure to be derived from it, in a cursory reading, is almost entirely subconscious. Minutely examined, it affords the pleasure of an enigma. Its ultimate resolution—the resolution of the profuse allusions, the telescoped words, the sensed but not comprehended puns and games with language—depends upon notes and a lexicography that must come from Mr. Joyce. That they are necessary to any but a most fragmentary understanding of the import and design of this work seems to gainsay the validity of Mr. Joyce's work as a "contribution to literature." It will remain, one suspects, as a document, a sort of literary case history. The interchangeability of its symbols and the opacity of the purely personal experience it employs seem ultimately to bar it from a more definite place in literature.

The chief pleasure to be derived from this fragment is from abstract rhythms: its rhythms are varied, complicated, often exquisite apart from the meaning of the words employed, being neither those purely of prose nor of poetry, but an admixture of both. With it, literature becomes more a means of personal escape from an individual dilemma than communication between one individual and another. It would seem to carry subjective writing as far as it can go.

RAYMOND ELLSWORTH LARSSON.

Mystical Music

The Life of Anton Bruckner, by Gabriel Engel. New York: Roerich Museum Press. $.50.

WHATEVER final position Bruckner may come to hold in the hierarchy of creative musicians, and at the present time it is fully as high as it has been at any period during the last quarter-century, there can be no doubt of his extraordinary qualities as both a composer and a man. His thematic invention, his power, his masculinity and his sincerity lift his music often to the heights, despite its occasional lack of form and his frequent confusing of the grand with the grandiose. Though an Austrian, he was in this akin to the North German. Whether it was his worship of Wagner which caused these weaknesses, or whether it was his somewhat solitary and unrecompensed life, these weaknesses are there and have been the stumbling-blocks in the path of his general acceptance.

It was fortunate that so many of his pupils, among them Nikisch, Mottl, Mahler and Muck, became among the leading conductors of the last generation, and it is largely through their influence that his genius became recognized. And one thing sets Bruckner apart from most of his contemporaries—he was a devout Catholic and a mystic. There is in the humbleness of his life as there is in the spirit, though not the form, of his music, something that is akin to César Franck.

Mr. Engel in this little pamphlet has set forth the facts of Bruckner's life clearly and sympathetically, though he has not perhaps emphasized enough the extraordinary piety of the man and its influence on his music. Wagnerian though Bruckner often is, he never allowed his admiration of Wagner to blind him to the path which was Bruckner's. He had none of the false spirituality and religiosity of his master, none of his sensualism. The purity and sincerity of his life spoke ever in his music.

GRENVILLE VERNON.

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Briefer Mention

Seeing Paris, by E. M. Newman. New York: Funk and Wagnalls Company. $5.00.

MR. NEWMAN'S colossal variation on a theme by Baedeker is packed with information of the kind, engrossing even when it is most useless, which the sightseer expects from his guide. His privilege, or the privilege of any really industrious traveloguer, is to have the best, because the most patient, of audiences: bad jokes, unimportant data, digressions of all kinds, are forgiven. Indeed they may be essential to the spell. Readers of the *National Geographic Magazine* should at once get an idea of the nature of this book; incidentally, they will like it. Most instructive chapters: "The Parks of Paris" and "Where Paris Eats and Drinks." Numerous and excellent photographs decorate the text, but it is unfortunate that where human beings are the subjects, Mr. Newman should so often have chosen types more outlandish than authentic.

Hinterlands of the Church, by Elizabeth R. Hooker. New York: Institute of Social and Religious Research. $2.50.

"HINTERLANDS OF THE CHURCH" is a study of certain areas—mountainous, cut-over and dry-farming—with a small proportion of church members. It is written from the Protestant standpoint, and is concerned principally with Protestant conditions. But the Catholic Church faces a similar situation, and we can learn much from the Protestants. "The Saturday night dance, with booze and 3 a.m. closing" affects Catholics as well as Protestants. "Every time I go to church they want money. I have none even for my family. So I don't go," while said to be a characteristic remark of Protestants, might be heard from Catholics, too. The remedy suggested by this book is to get away from the small, independently financed area, and organize on a sufficiently wide basis to enable the well-to-do sections of the Church to help the poorer ones. Do not Catholics likewise suffer from this parochial attitude?

Herder and the Foundations of German Nationalism, by R. R. Ergang. New York: Columbia University Press. $4.50.

DR. ERGANG'S thesis attributes to Herder the rôle of chief promoter in the history of modern German nationalism. This tireless and brilliant man, born into a country which had virtually lost all sense of cohesion, proposed a synthesis of cultural consciousness. The book is primarily a review of the pertinent literature, becoming relatively feeble when it essays philosophic or historical thinking on the author's own behalf. Yet as a review it is eminently serviceable, though Dr. Ergang has curiously enough overlooked the most striking recent essay on the subject—Josef Nadler's—which puts all there is to be said in succinct and challenging form.

Health through Will Power, by James J. Walsh. Boston: The Stratford Company. $2.00.

THIS is a second edition of a common-sense book on the function of the will in the cure or amelioration of familiar ailments from head colds to *la grande hysterie*. It offers no panacea, such as Couéism, though of course it does give credit to the possible effect of suggestion. Rather it has the courage to emphasize the obvious function of the will in sustaining all the small, repetitious and bothersome details of cures and preventives that it is human nature to neglect, or to scorn in favor of sensational medical and surgical stunts.

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Native Stock, by Arthur Pound. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

THESE six portraits in miniature of early Americans show an interest similar to that which is evidenced in the widespread cult of early American furniture. That is to say, there is a definite seeking for the details, often crude and according to some standards not especially important, which are distinguishably a product of native spirit and the American environment. There is an impression of sturdiness, of local pride in homely usefulness, which is emphasized as being typically American though it is probably an attribute of the lives of persons in small communities with limited means the world over. But this sort of living was preponderant throughout America at the time of the nation's formation. The sketches themselves have an earnest attention to minutiae that would recommend itself to the serious student of Americana.

Thalassa, by Mary Frances McHugh. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

THIS is a memoir of childhood in the west of Ireland, and the time apparently is slightly before the full conquest of the automobile. Because it tells what children saw, heard and did, what amused, terrified, comforted them, it could not be dull. Through their "saucer-like astonished eyes" the circus, the Bannock races, the antics of one Jimmy Tansy, thirteen, who could train a plowhorse to jump, are proper epics; while shipwreck and rescue are things too wildly sudden ever to have happened before. There is a lot of salty gossip in the book in which figure many grand old people, and several very impetuous young ones. And the writing is "as right as rain."

To Have and to Hold, by Mary Johnston. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

IT IS a pleasure to welcome this handsome reprint of one of the most enthralling of historical romances. The imaginative charm of the story of the ward of James I, who fled from an evil court favorite to Virginia, and was there befriended and married by the last of the Percys, has survived the considerable number of years since its first publication, as well as the more violent test of two motion-picture versions. This is partly because it is a well-made story, swashbuckling of course, but never ridiculous, partly because the historic atmosphere is almost hypnotically persuasive, and partly because of the happy distinction, the humor and verve, of the writing. Mr. Sabatini has never done anything so good, either in manner or matter.

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